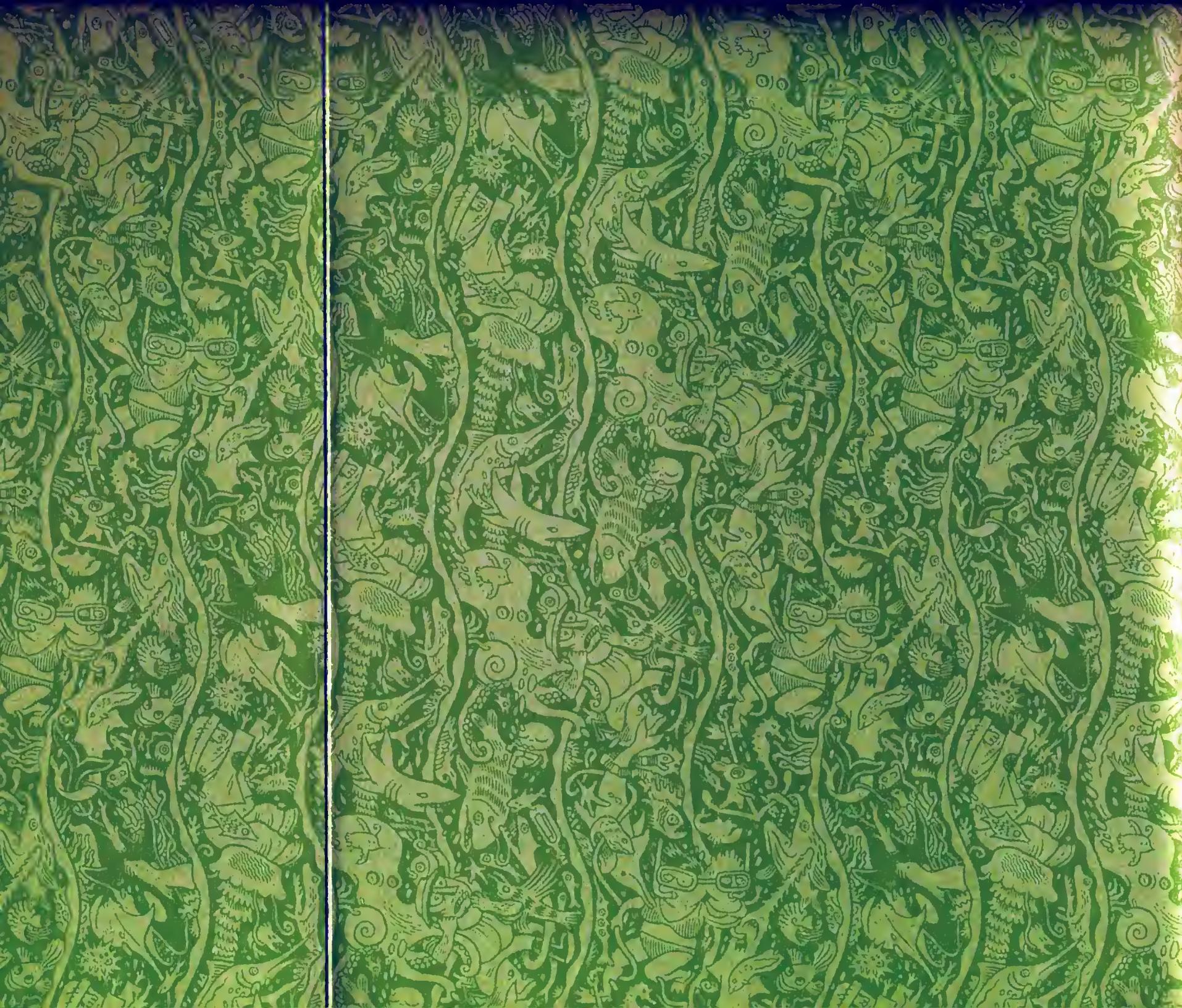


Goodbye, Junky

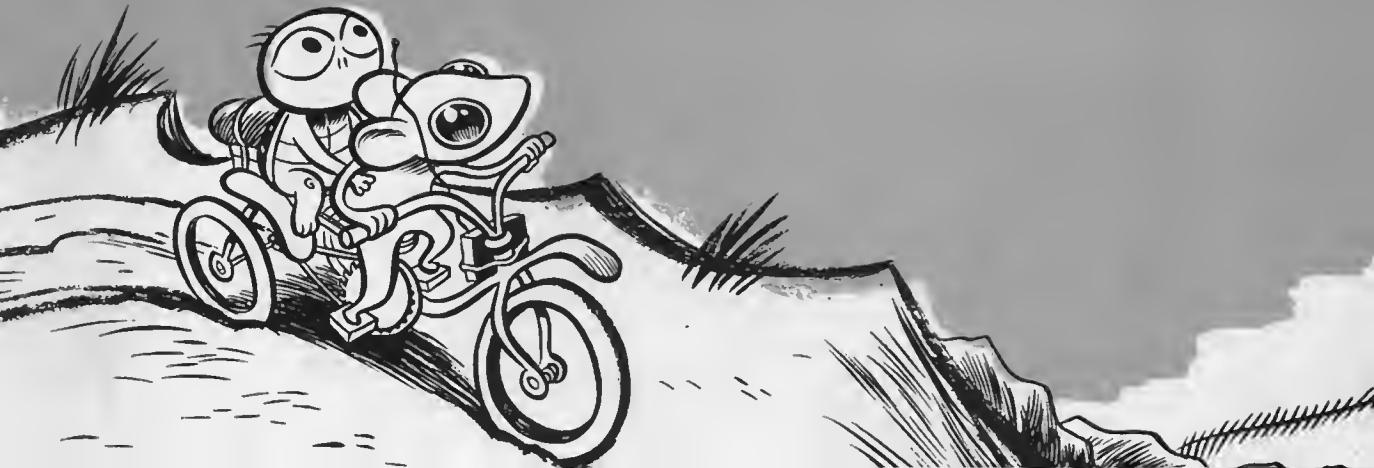
HARVEY
award WINNER





Goodbye, Gumby

Craig THOMPSON
COO SHELL PRODUCTIONS
Marietta, Georgia







4 TH PRINTING

GOOD-BYE, CHUNKY RICE, May of 2003. FOURTH PRINTING. ©COPYRIGHT 2003, 2002, 2001,
1999 CRAIG THOMPSON. edited BY CHRIS STAROS. PUBLISHED BY TOP SHELF
PRODUCTIONS INC., BRETT WARNOCK AND CHRIS STAROS, PO BOX 1282, MARIETTA,
GA 30061-1282. TOP SHELF PRODUCTIONS AND THE TOP SHELF LOGO ARE TM &
©1999, 2002 TOP SHELF PRODUCTIONS INC. THE STORIES, CHARACTERS AND INCIDENTS
FEATURED IN THIS PUBLICATION ARE ENTIRELY FICTIONAL. NO PART OF THIS BOOK
MAY BE REPRODUCED WITHOUT PERMISSION, EXCEPT SMALL EXCERPTS FOR PURPOSES
OF REVIEW. WRITE FOR A FREE CATALOG OR VISIT <WWW.TOP SHELF COMIX.COM>
THOMPSON, CRAIG. GOOD-BYE, CHUNKY RICE / CRAIG THOMPSON. ISBN 1-891830-09-0
1. GRAPHIC NOVELS. 2. CARTOONS - PRINTED IN CANADA

This book is dedicated
to all of my friends
in Milwaukee, WI.



clunk

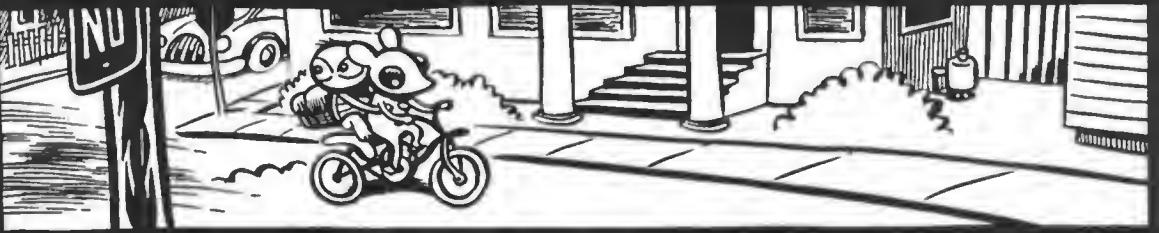




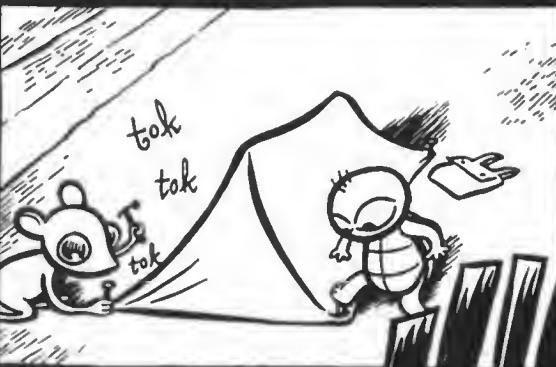
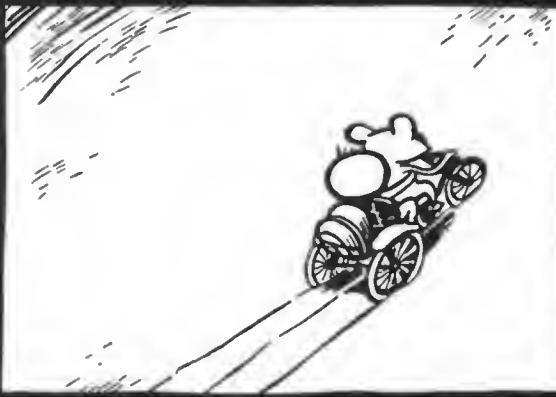
Someday you're
GOING to BREAK my
window throwing
ROCKS at it.
Like that.



If you'd
keep it open,
you'd hear
me calling.

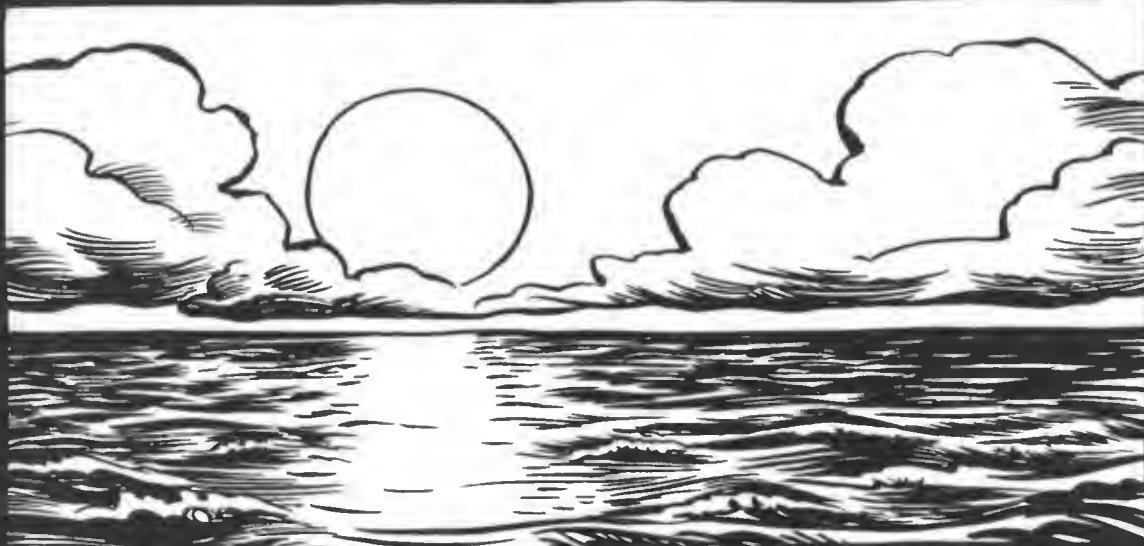
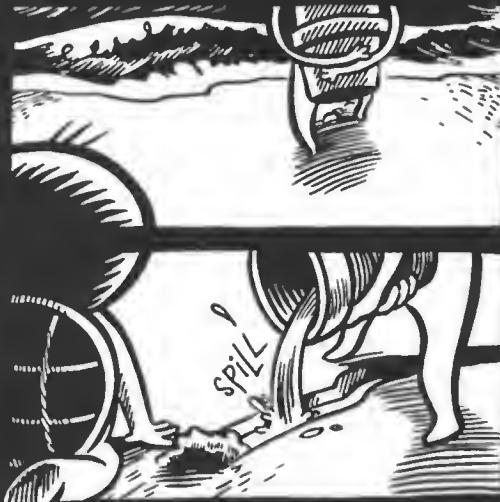


Too SOON and I
won't have a REASON
to throw ROCKS at
that window.





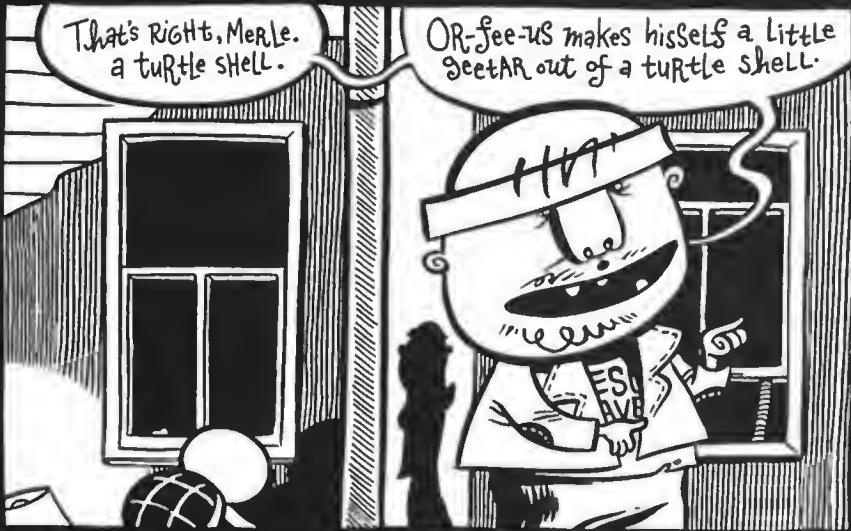








doot,
doot



No doubt he plumb drill
a hole ins to it & pulls some
twine across the hole.

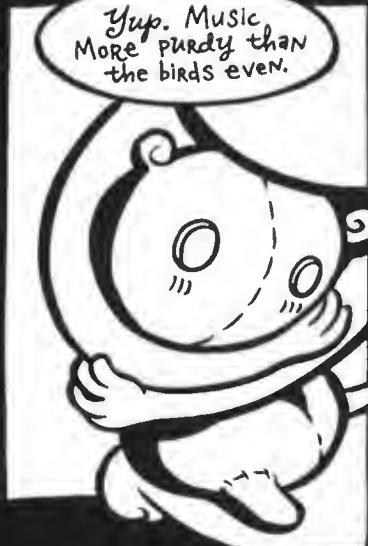
AND he pluck upon them
STRINGS the FINEST TUNES
what ever been heard.

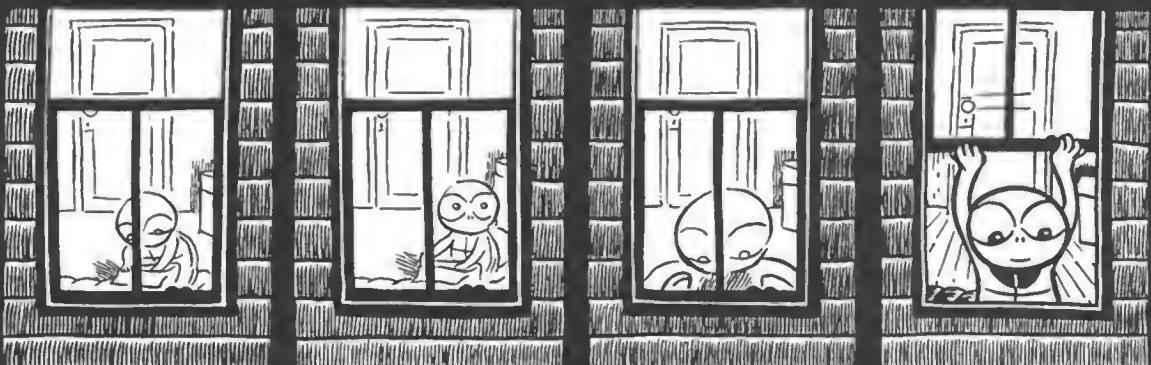


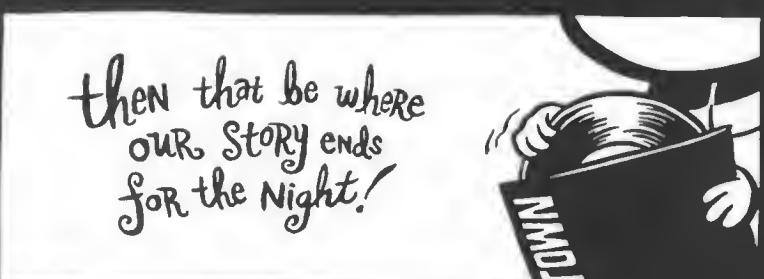
doot?

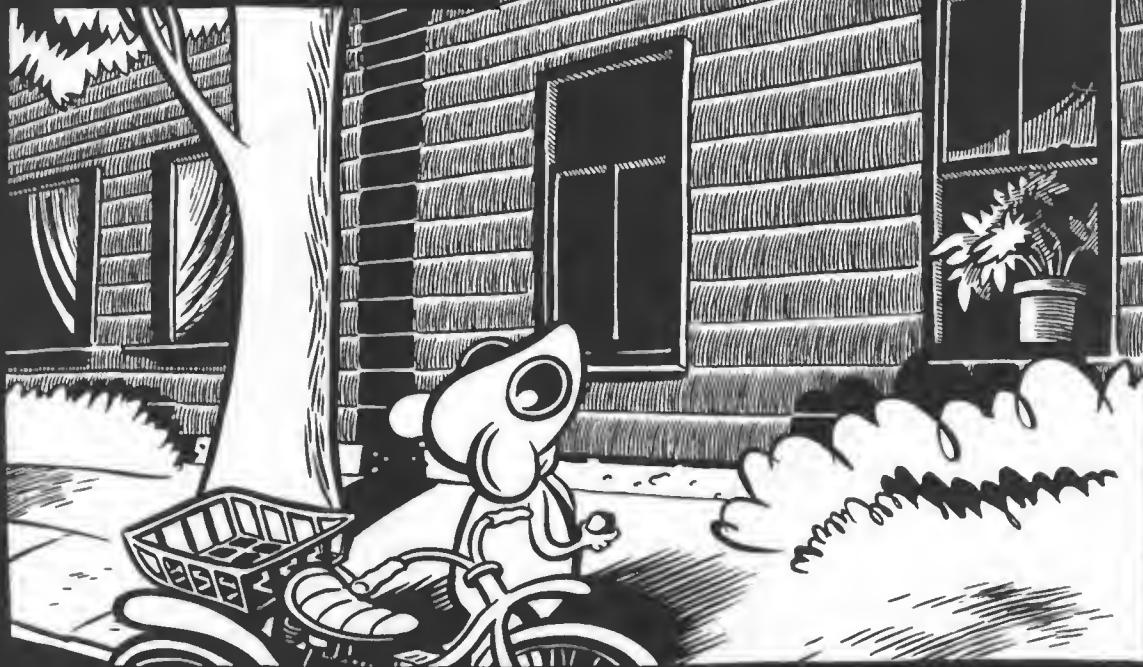
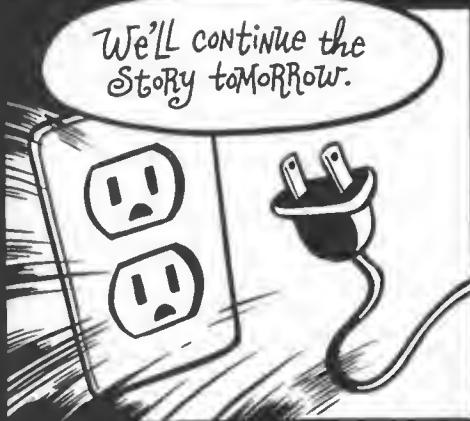
Yup. Music
More purdy than
the birds even.

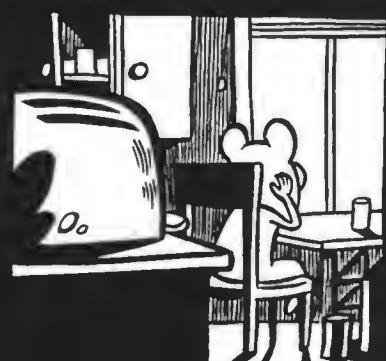
and everyone, Likewise,
they fancy OR-fee-US,



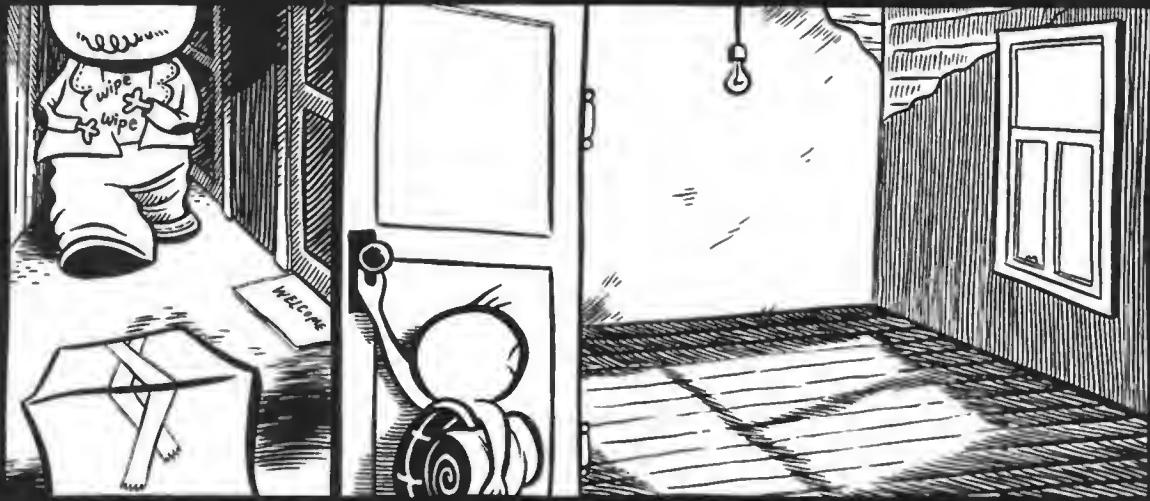


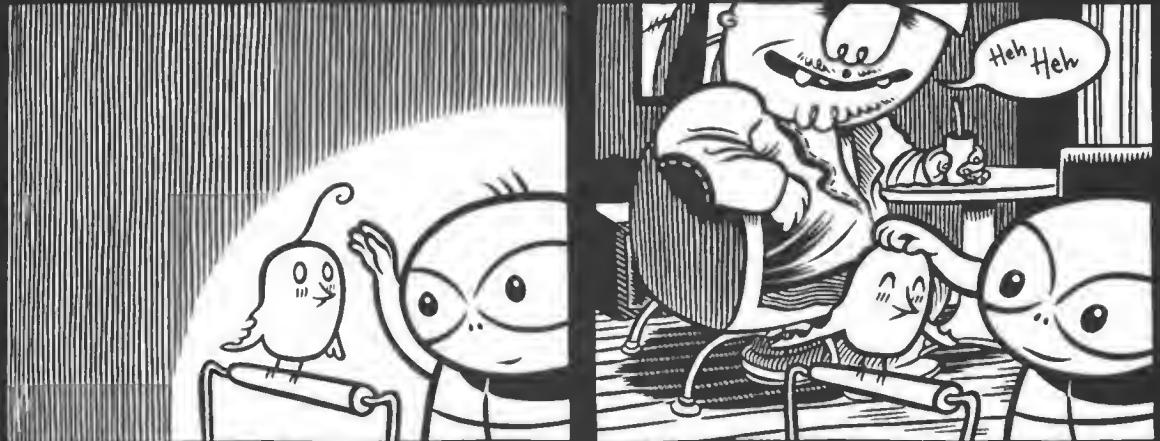
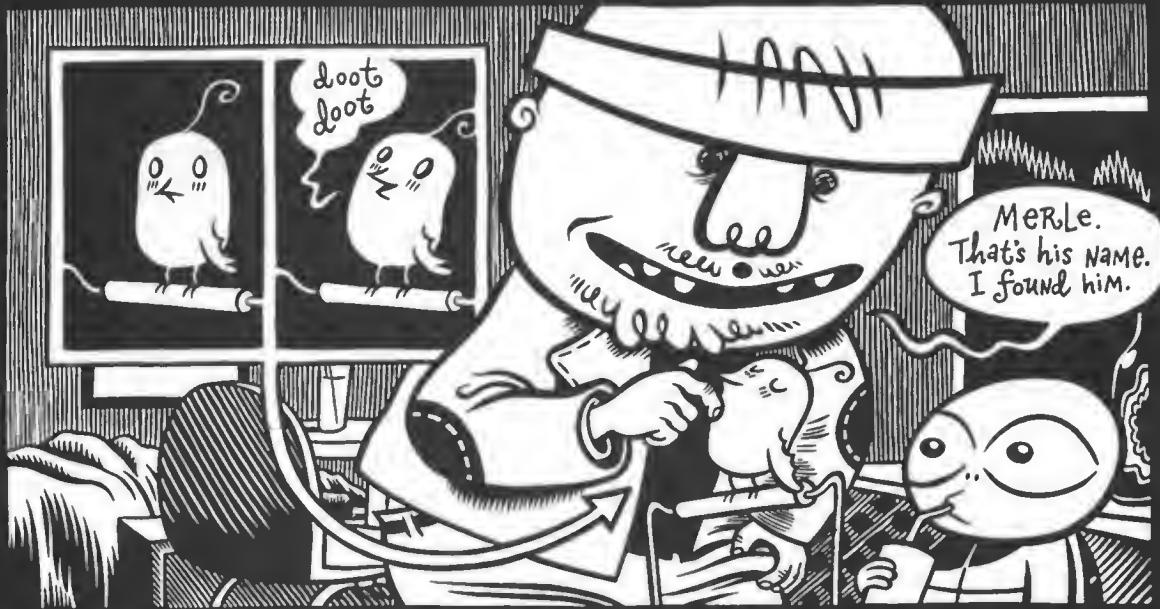








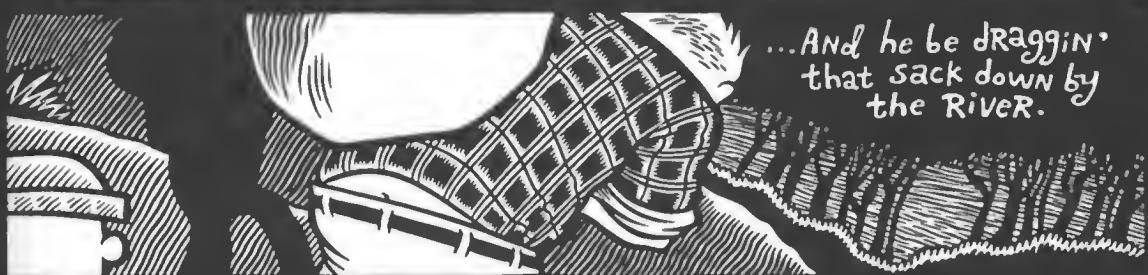






And one day
she's up and
had EIGHT PUPS.

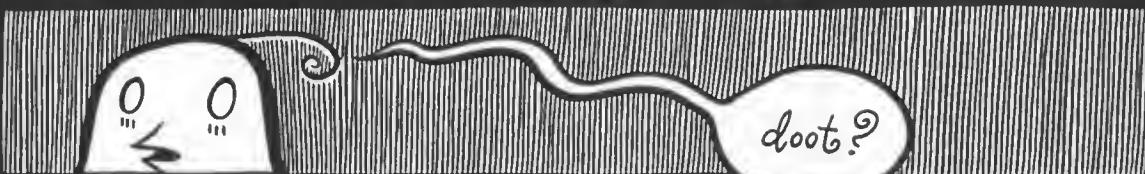
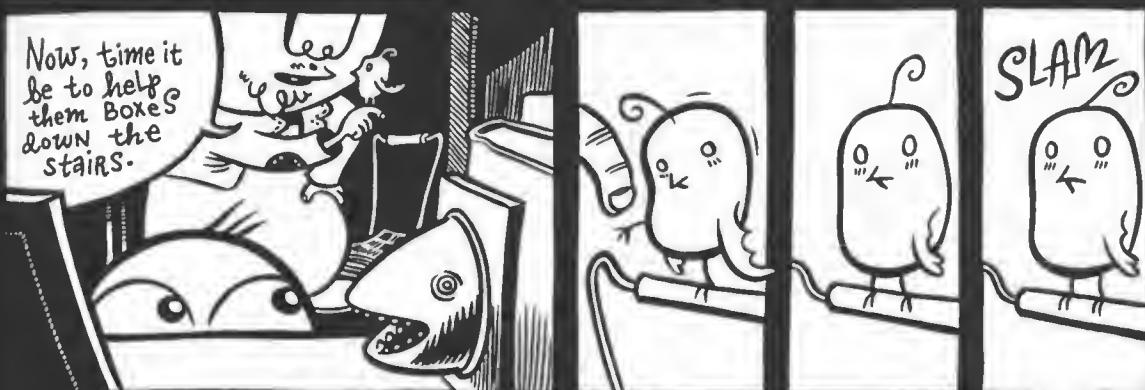




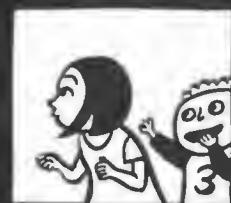
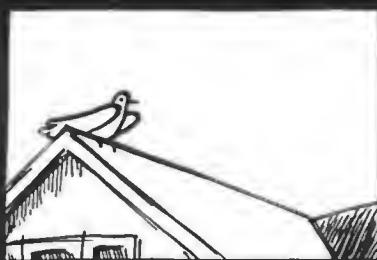
And when we Gots there,
he be MAKIN' Me Hold
the sack UNDERWATER as
it WRIGGLED all up
Like jelly...











And a plenty
special wagon
this be bein'

CLUNK

Why the time was back
when me BROTHERS & me -
bein' wee Lads & all -

would be piecin'
together homemade
Galleons with
cardboard &
newspaper &
whatnot...

And wed transportize
them Galleons in this
very wagon, alls the
lengthyway down to the
Harbor where we then
done float 'em.

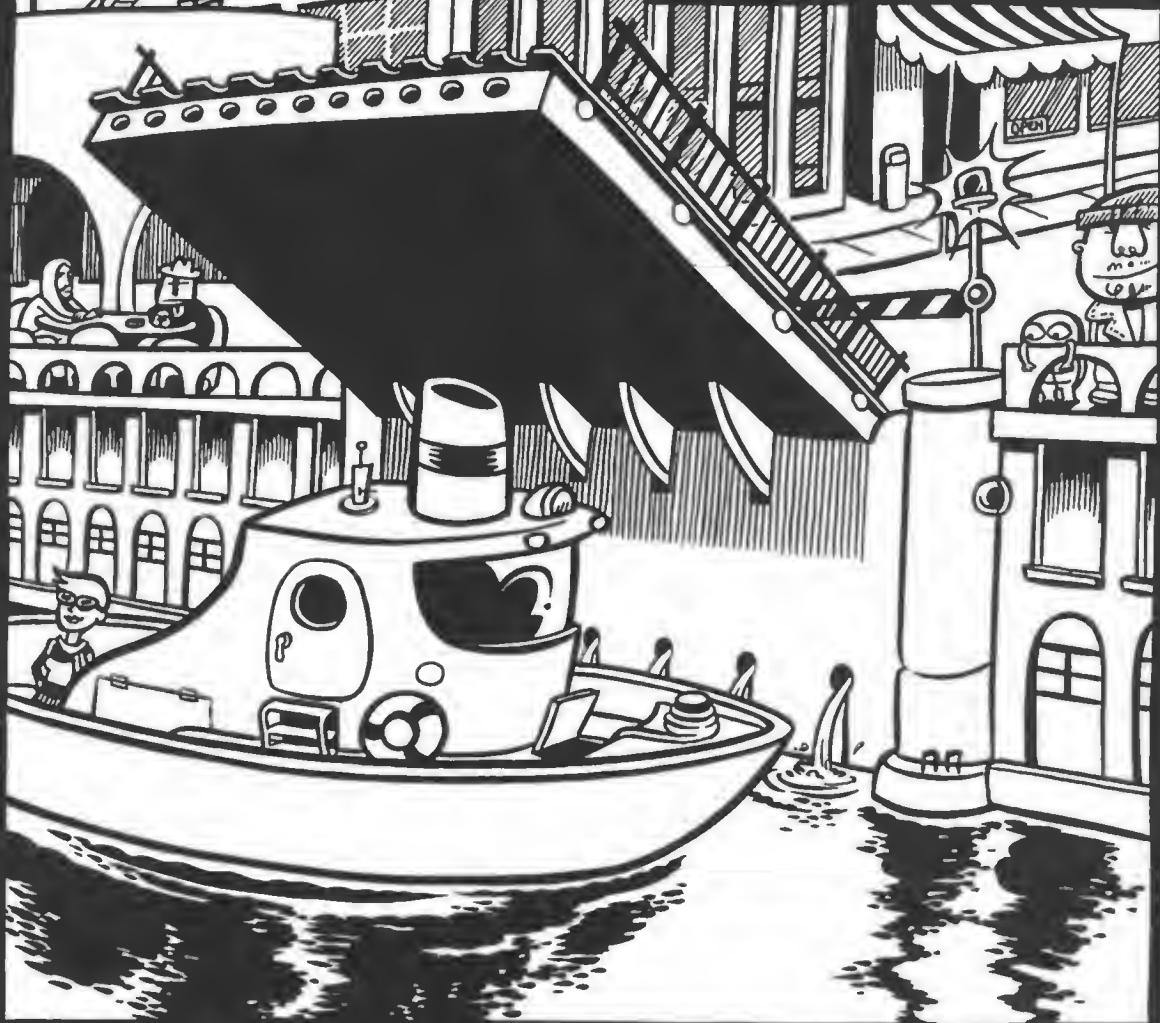
My Galleons,
everytime
they Be
SINKIN' Like
a doubtful
Thomas



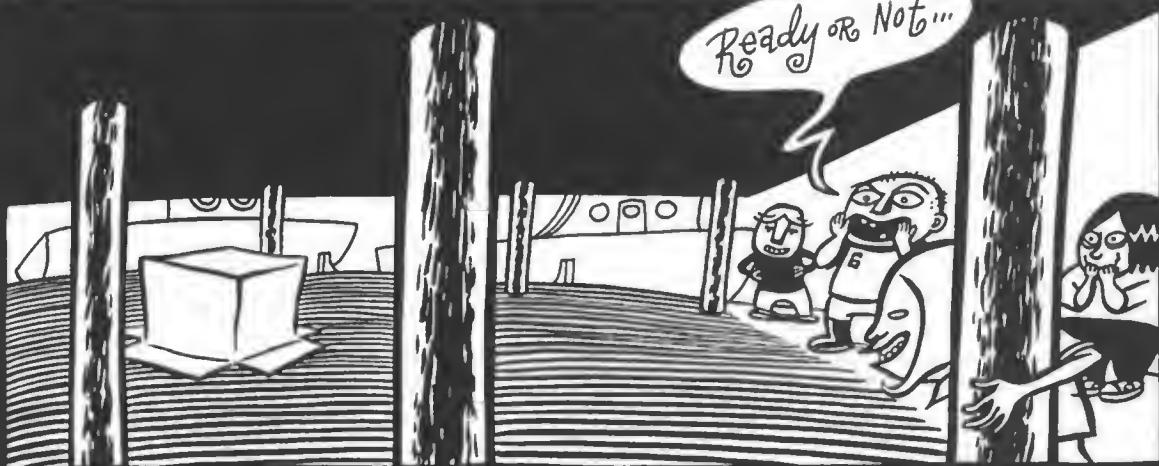
But CERTAINLY
Not on CHARLES.
Had hisself a
Real KNACK for
Boats even then.

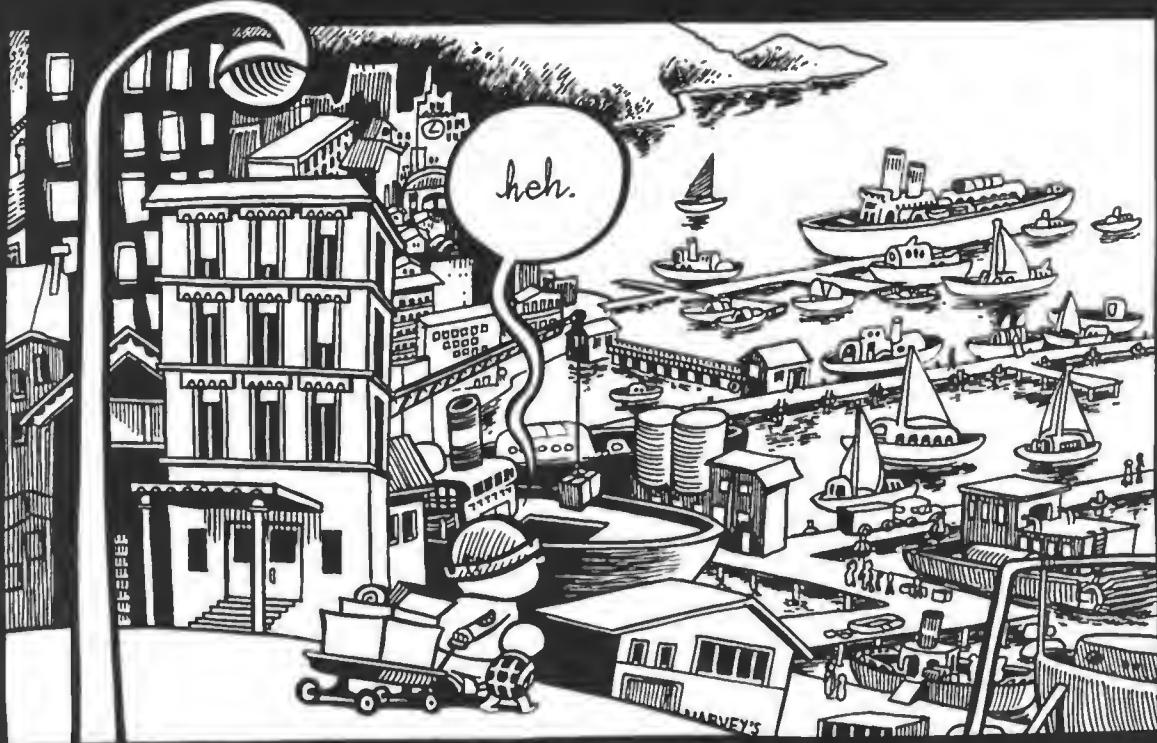
Had a REAL
KNACK for most
EVERYTHING

Quite
the
SMARTEE...



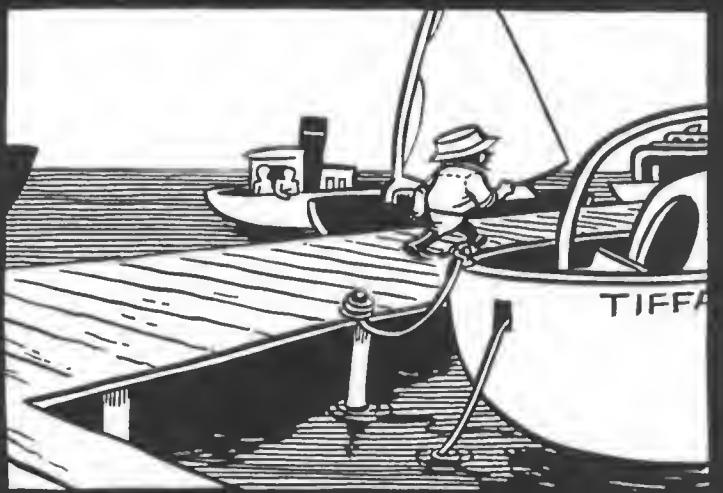
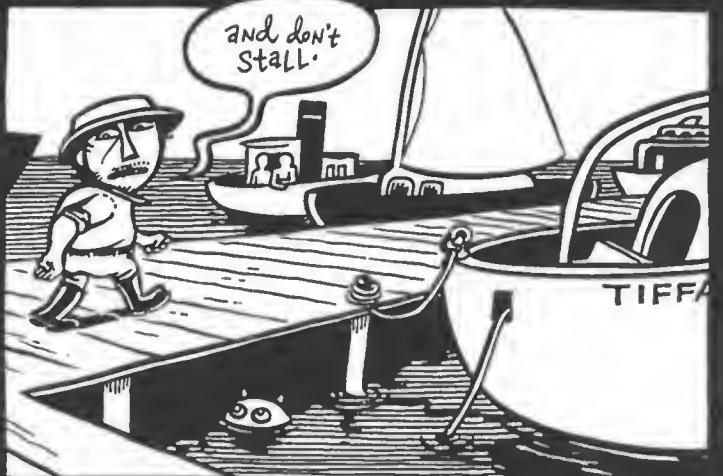


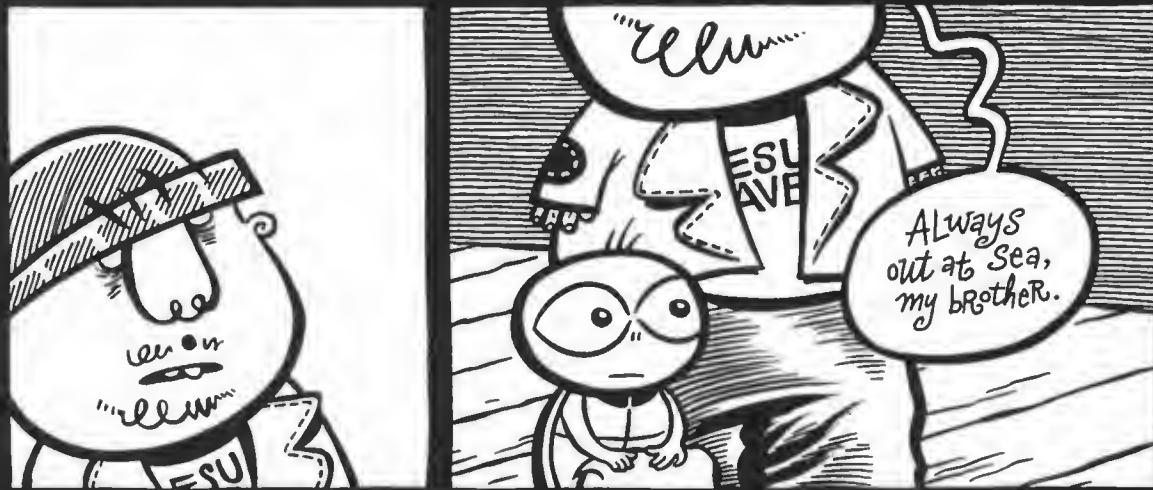




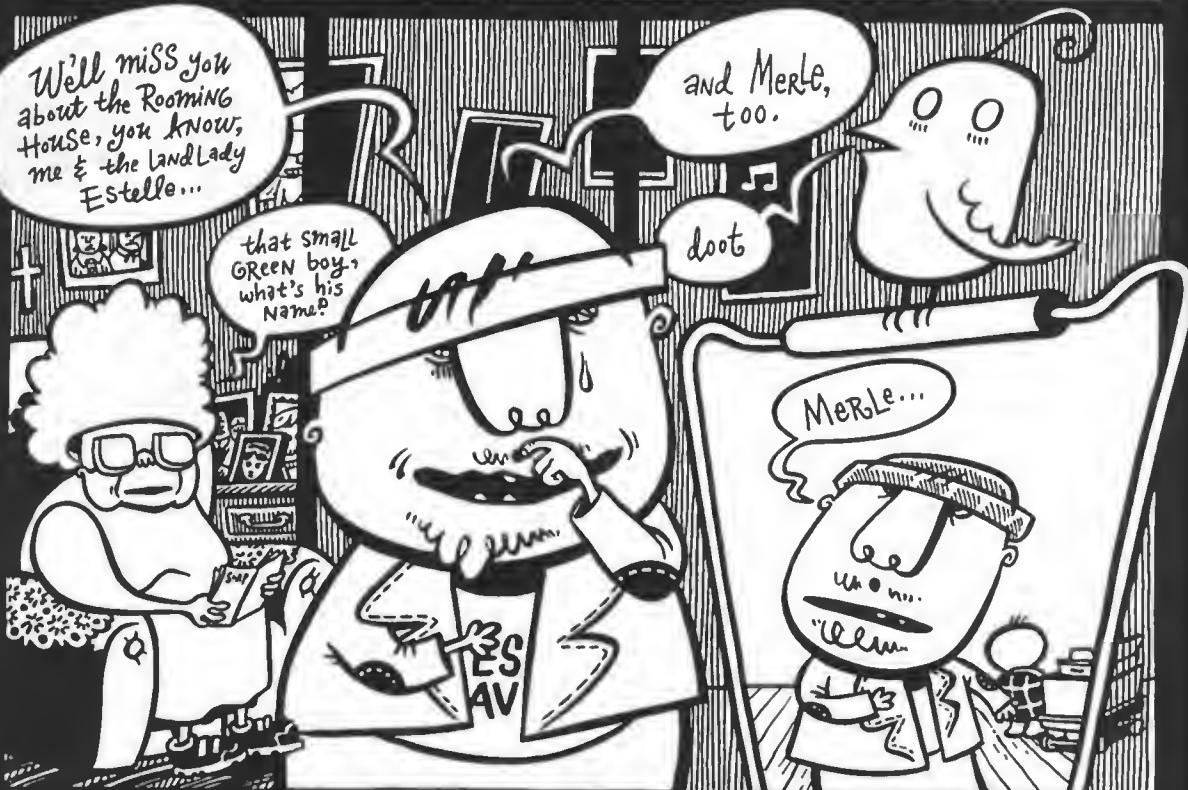
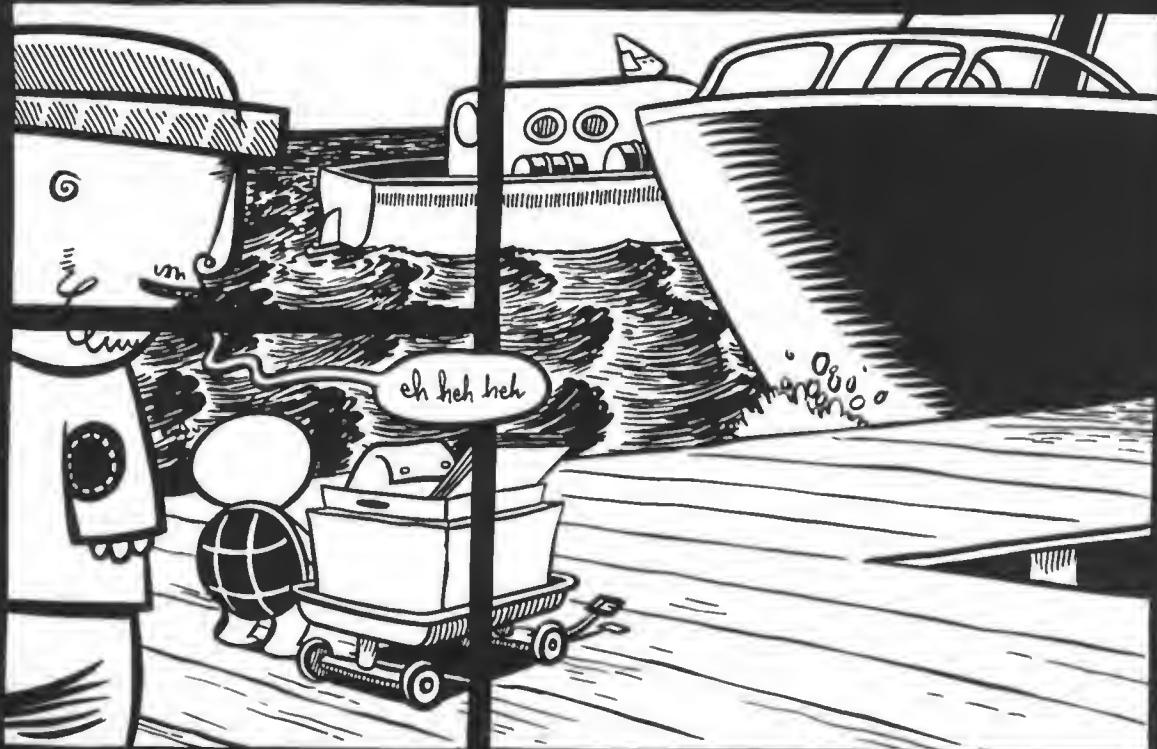


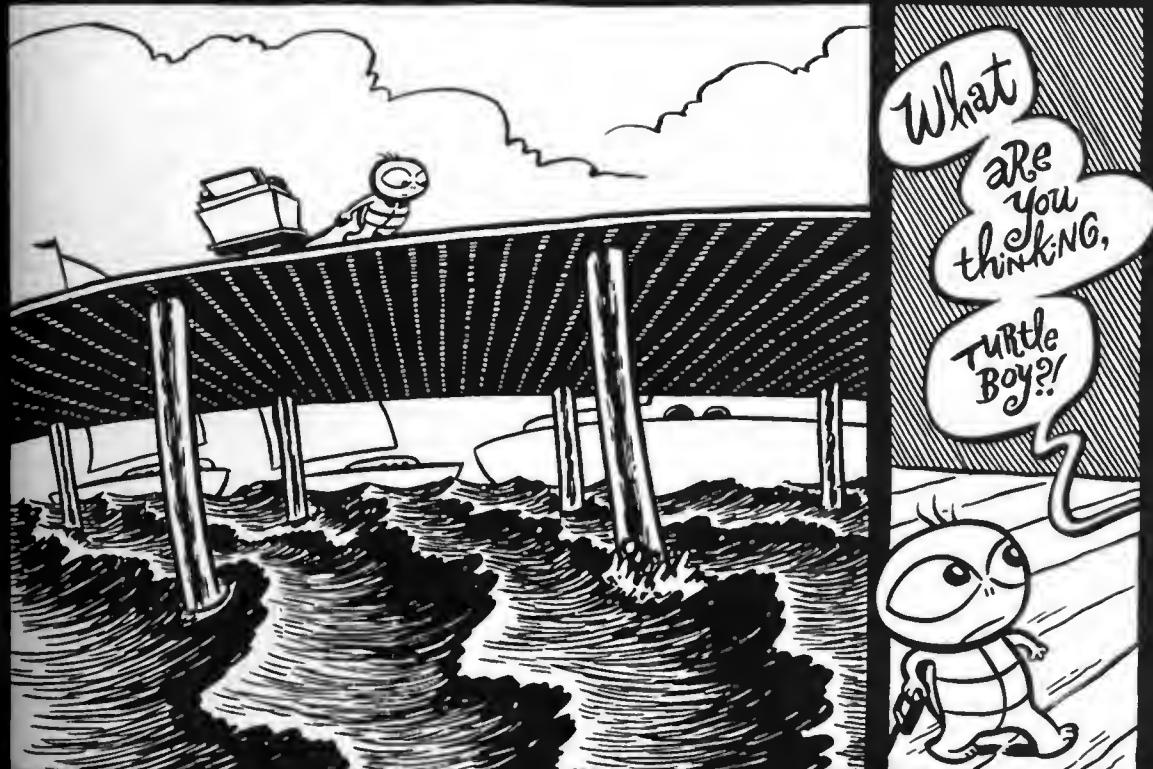


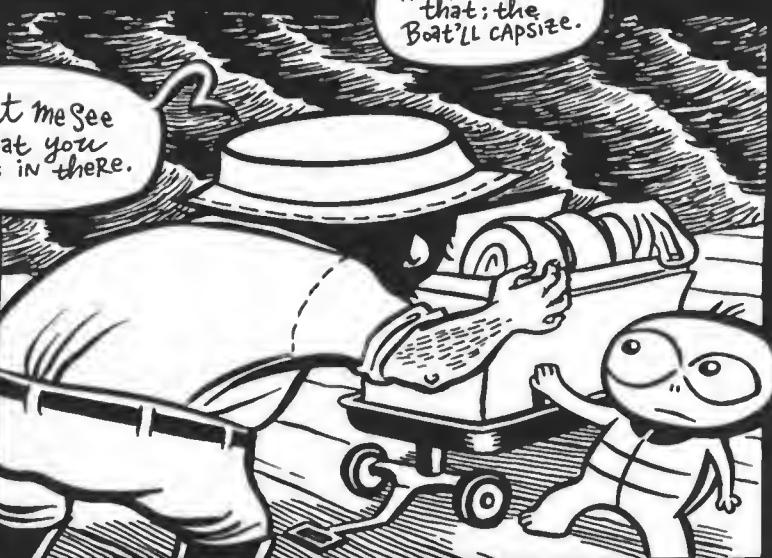
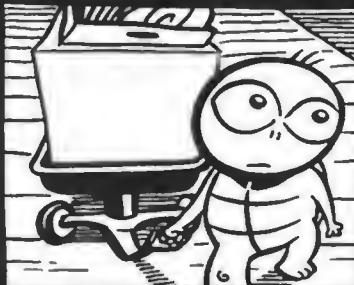
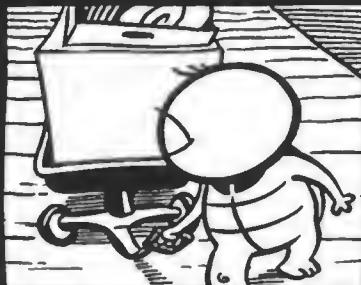


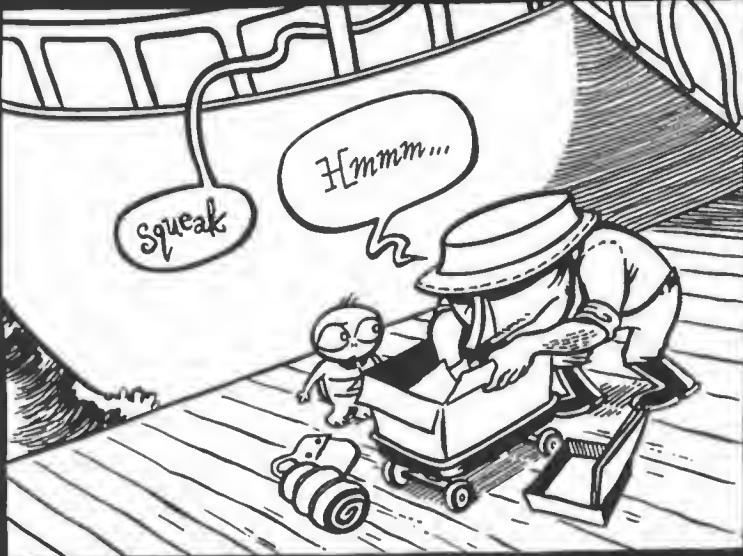


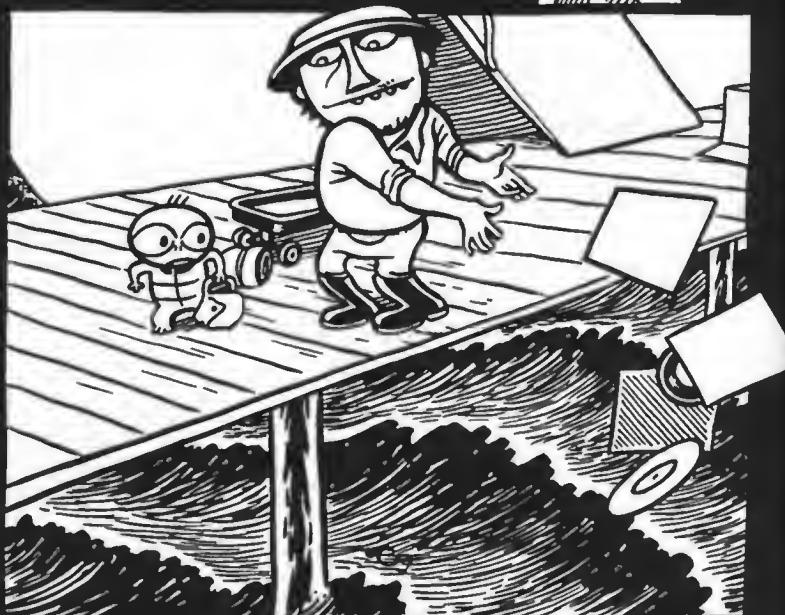


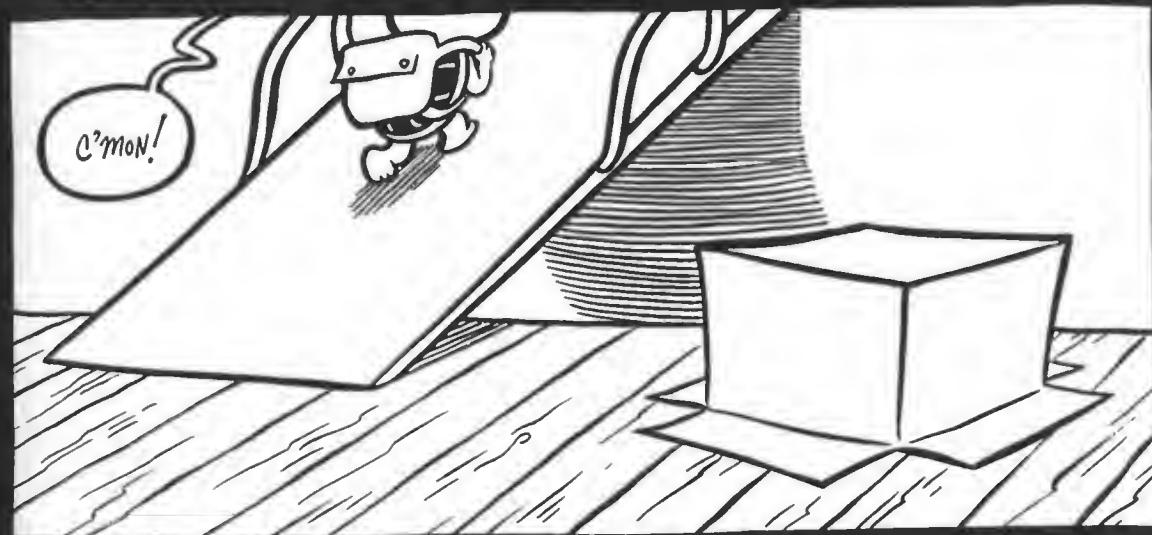
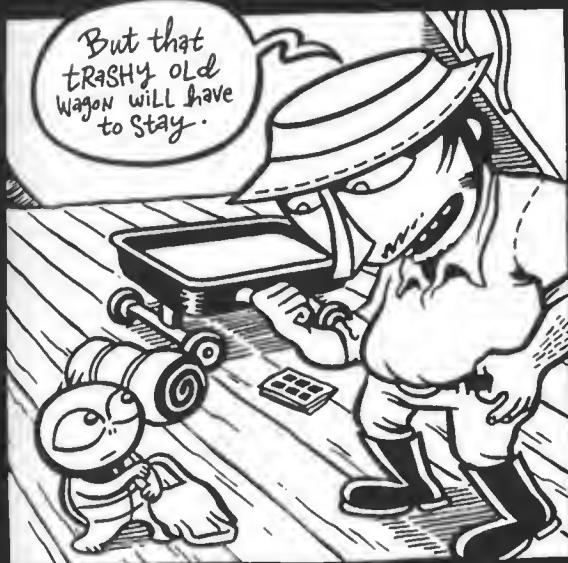


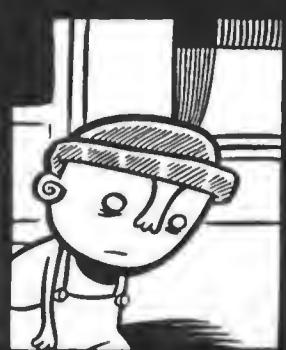
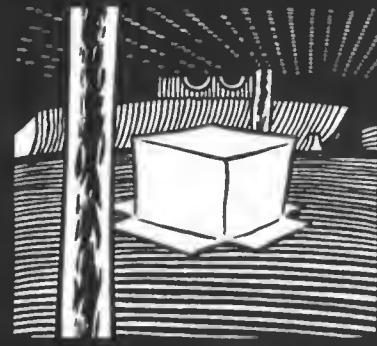


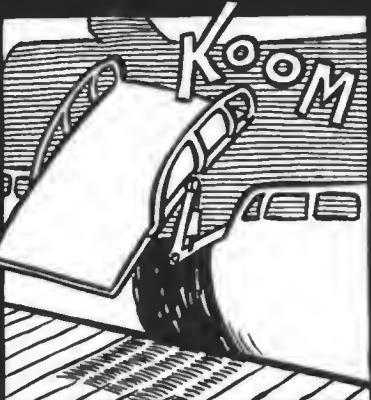
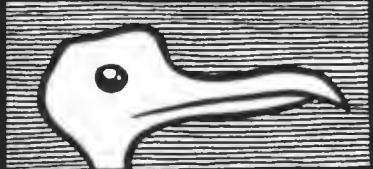
















How could
you EVER
want to
leave this
behind?



ON SECOND
thought, RATHER than
GAINING SIGNIFICANCE,
my ENVIRONMENT
is SUDDENLY
drained of it.

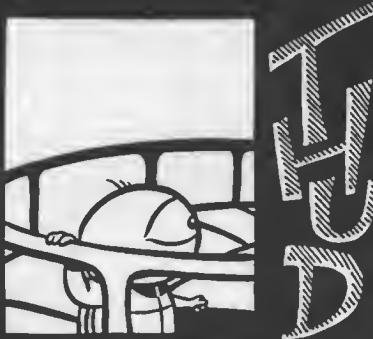


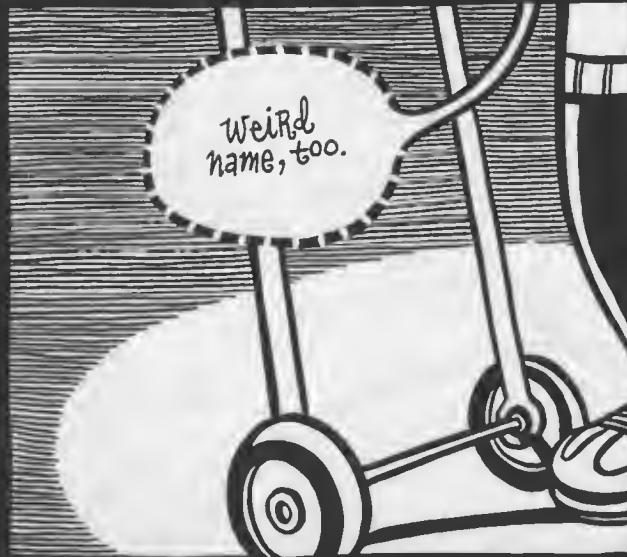
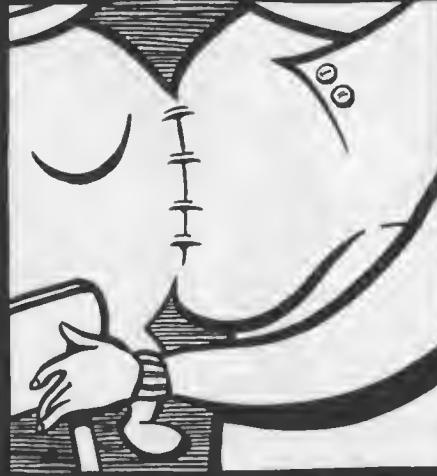
What does a
bREATHTAKING view
of the ocean mean
without you?

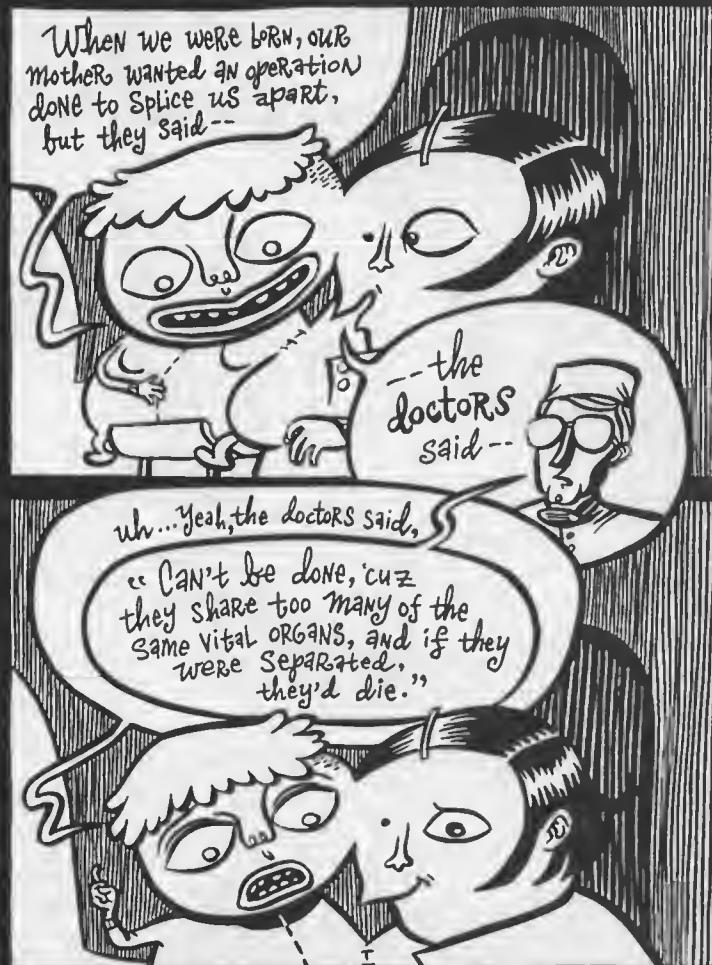
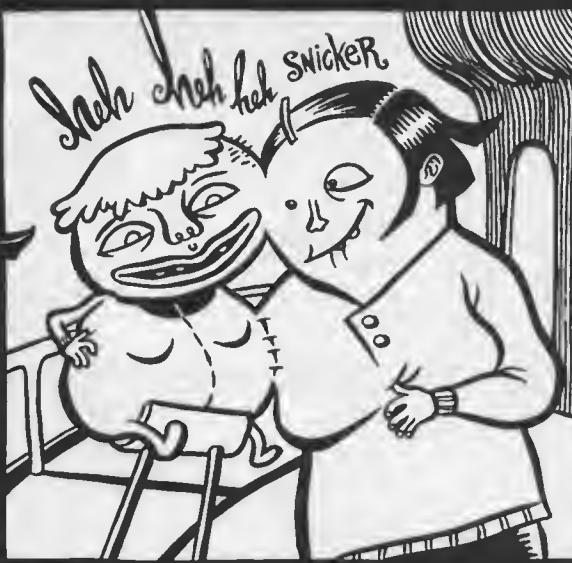


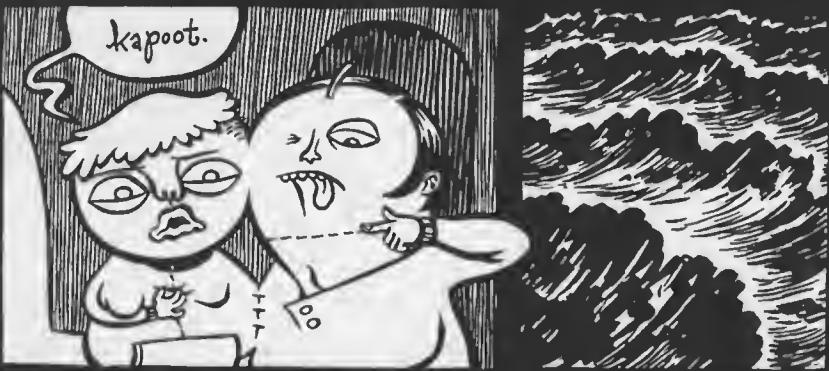
nothing.











I mean, I've had my share
of motley CREWS, but a mute
turtle kid & two Sisters
sharing the same torso
sure takes the cake.

Not that I'm complaining OR
anything. If people'll keep
paying, I'll keep SAILING
these blessed seas.

uh huh.

Hell, I'd keep SAILING
even without the MONEY.
You know that, El?

yup.

No, I'm SERIOUS. That's
what I'm ALL ABOUT. You
do know that, don't you?

of course.

Glenda
knew that.

So you're a TURTLE,
CHUNKY? -- Let me fill
you in on a little custom
celebrated where we come
from - BEULAH LAH.

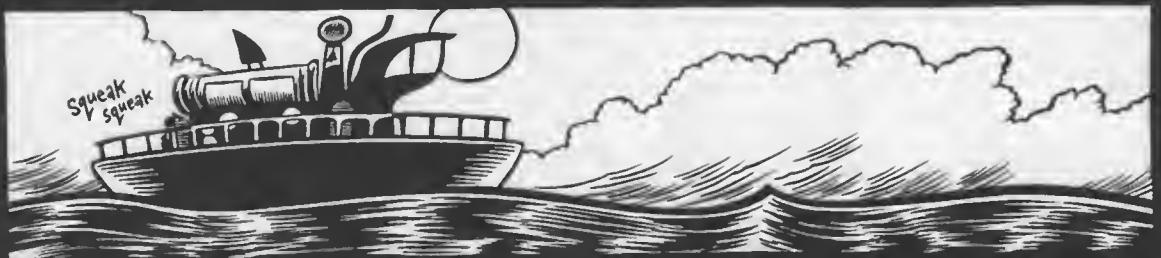
Cut it out,
Ruth. You'll just
creep him out.

I'm Educating
him!

So ANYWAY, in Beulah Lah,
when someone feels REGRET; for running
over the NEIGHBOR'S Pet FROG, or accidentally CON-
taminateS the city's WATER SUPPLY, or getting in some
HEAVEN-Knows-what-about SPAT with a LOVED ONE,

They'll etch their
NAME in a
TURTLE SHELL
and let it drift
away in BEULAH LAH
River.



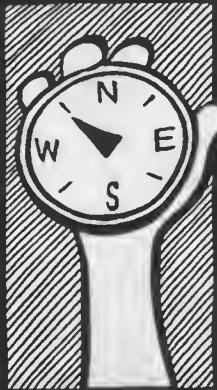
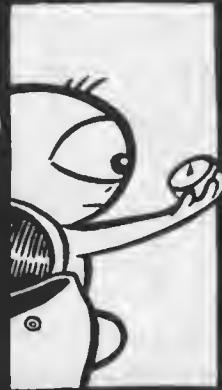
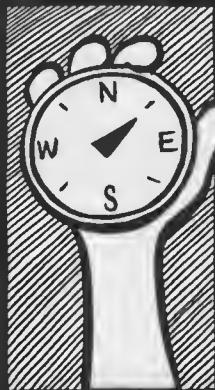
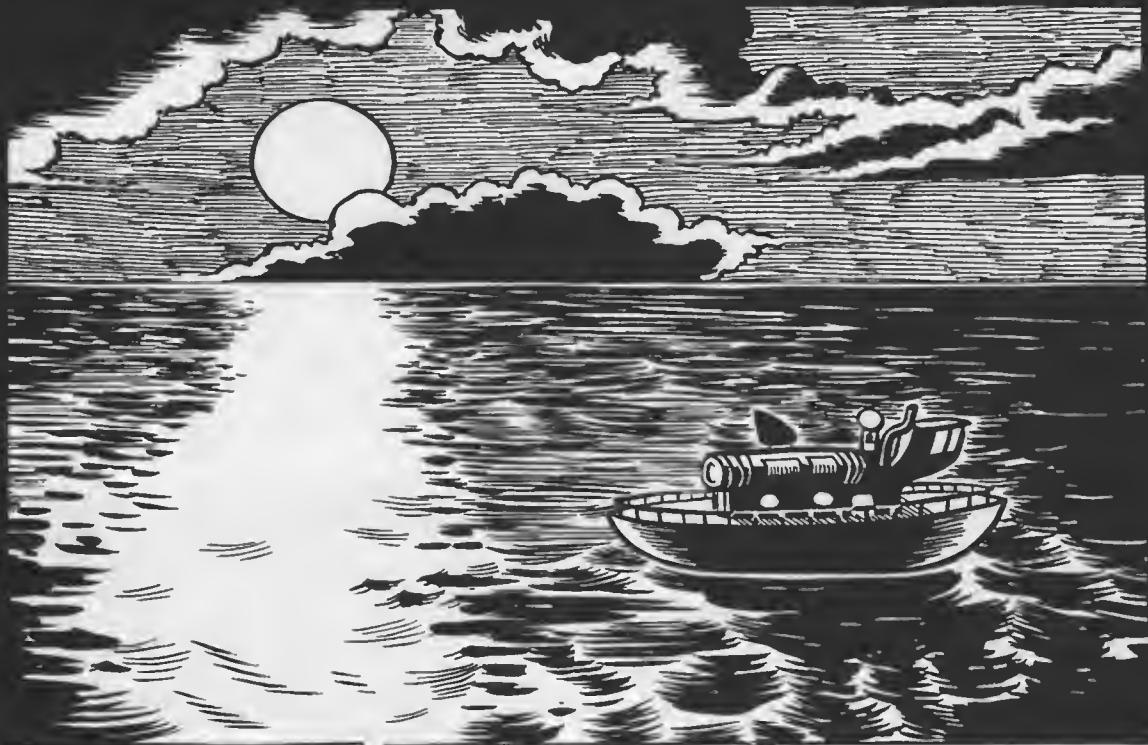


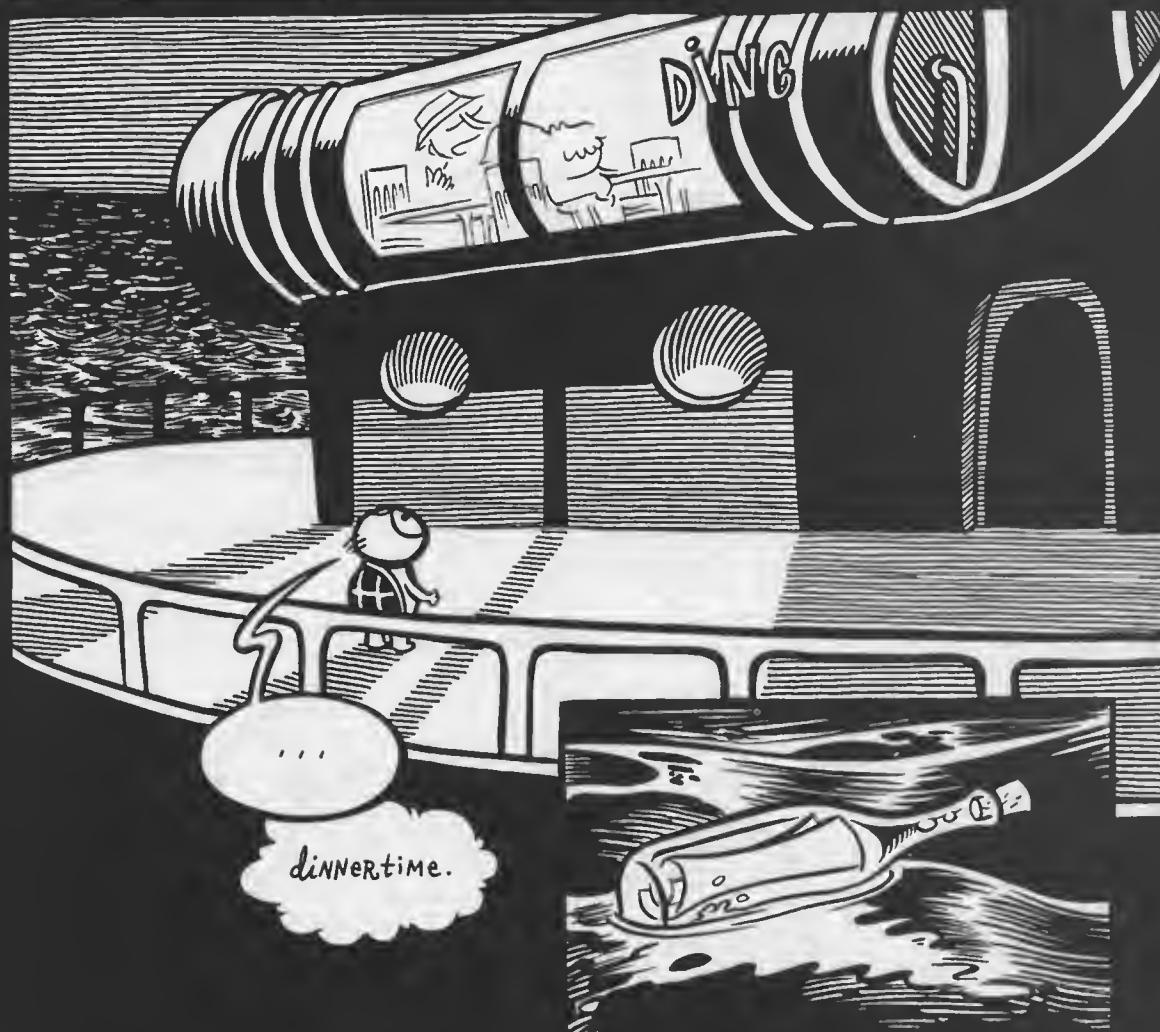
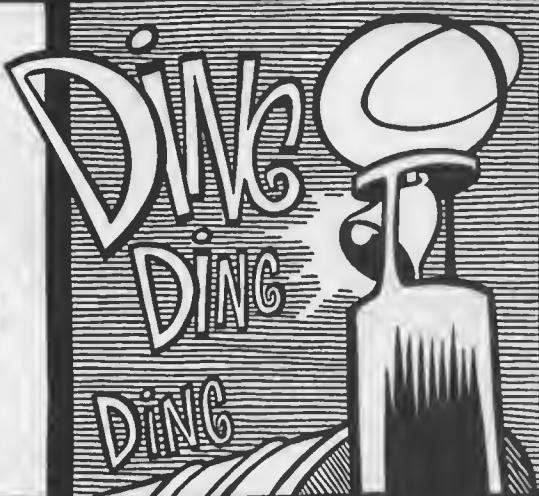


A Letter in a Bottle for you. A SINGLE
sheet of paper drenched in waxy depths of crayon.



each & every color,
but NO WORDS.







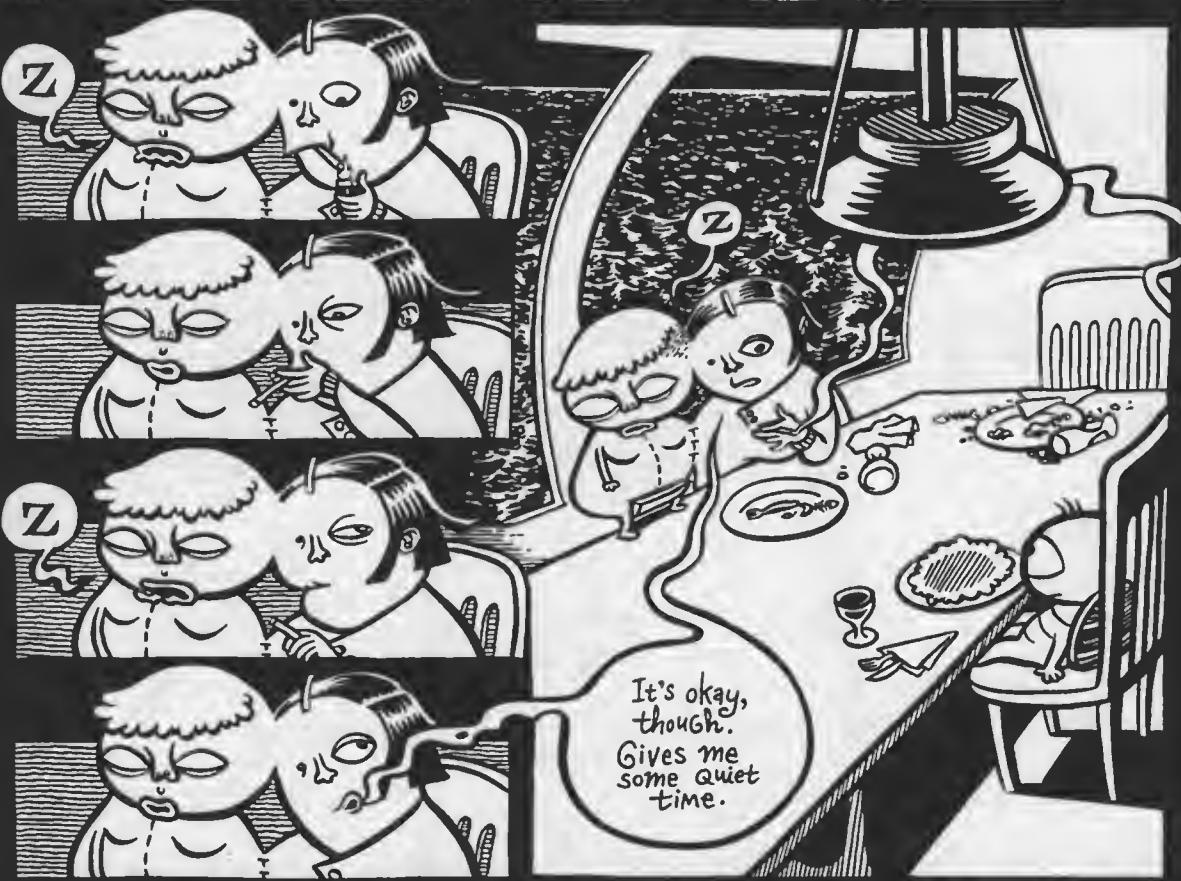


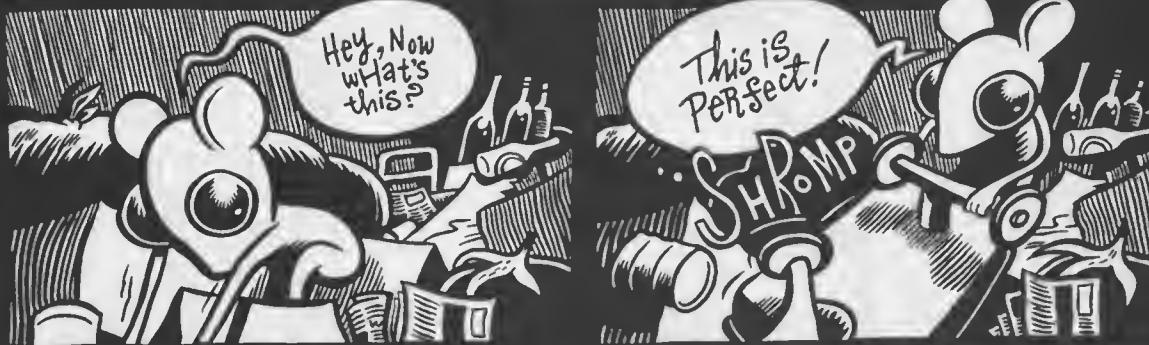
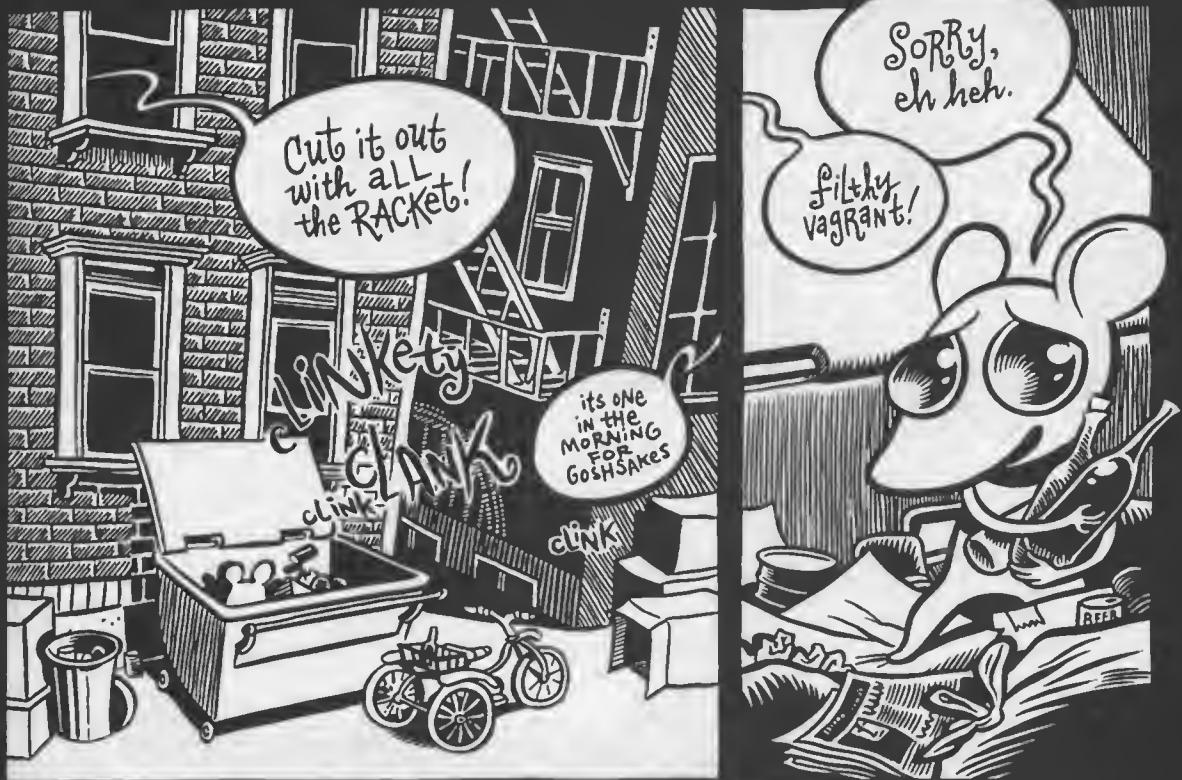


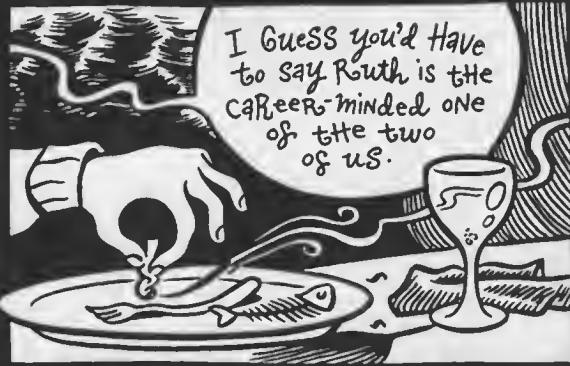
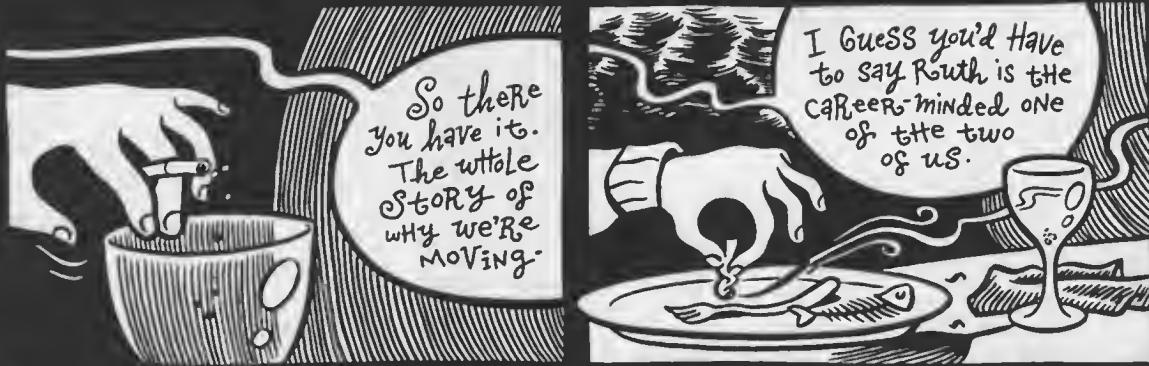
Speaking of which,
I GOT SOME "WORK"
of MY OWN I NEED to be
tending to RIGHT NOW.

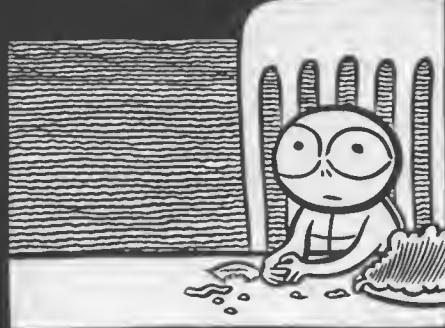
If my shipmates
will excuse me,
I'll see you all
tomorrow MORNIN'

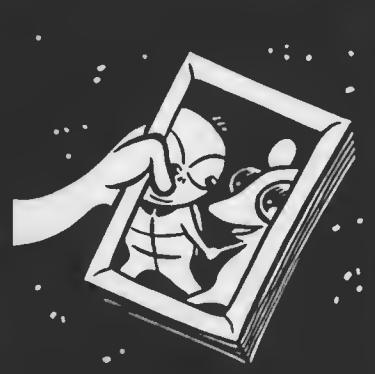
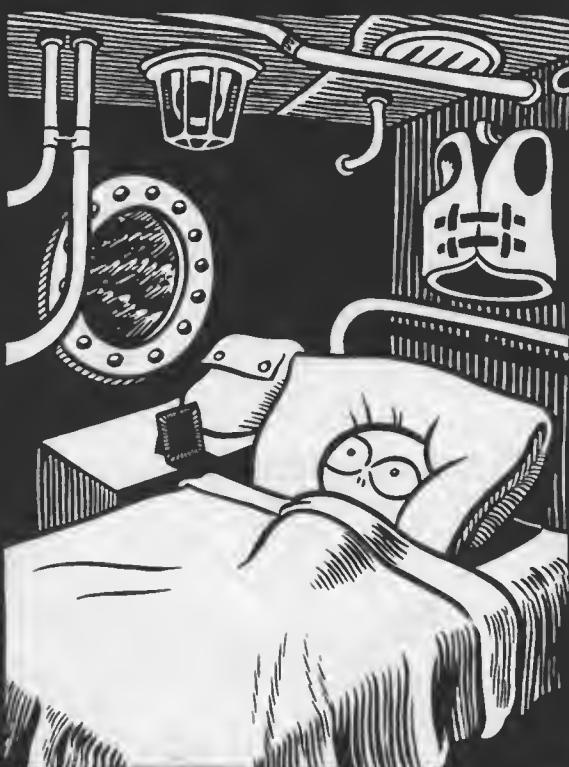


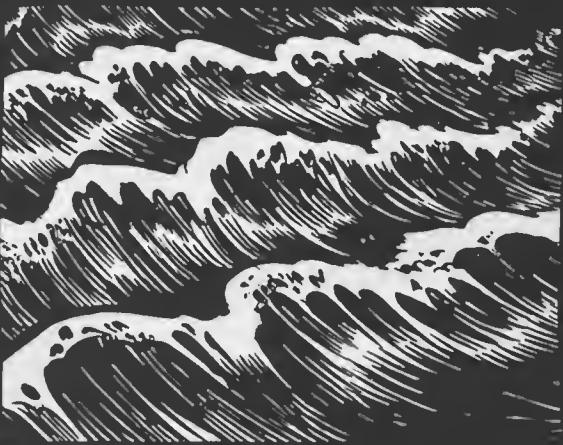
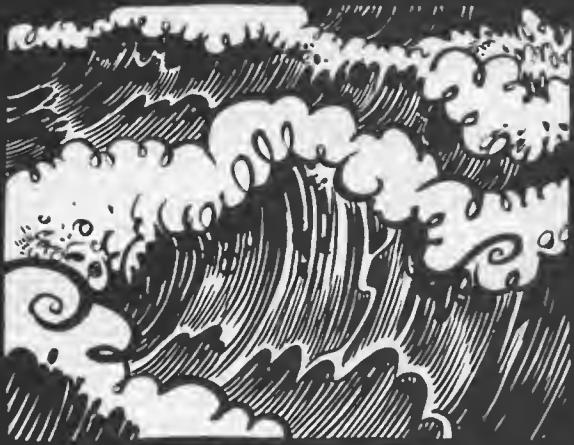
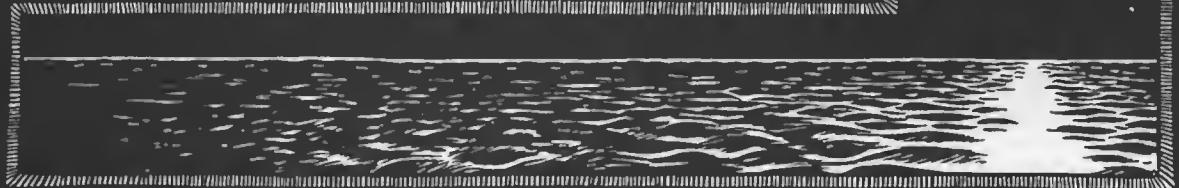
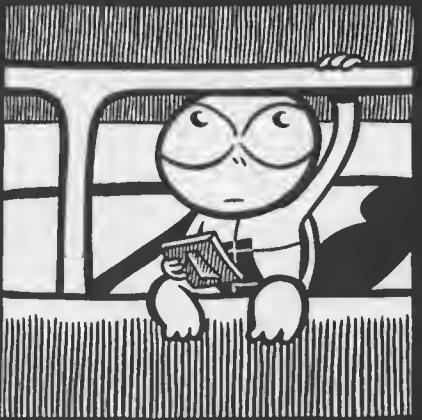


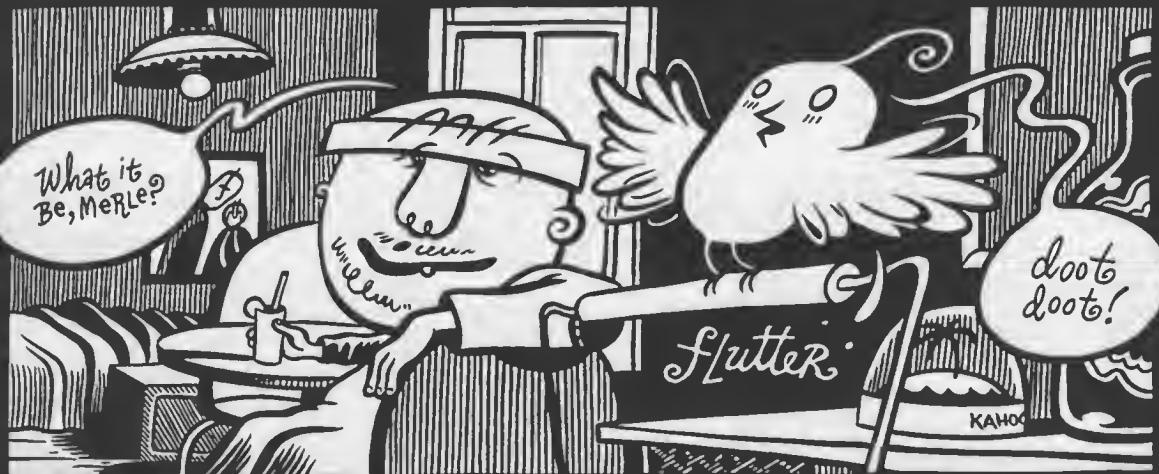


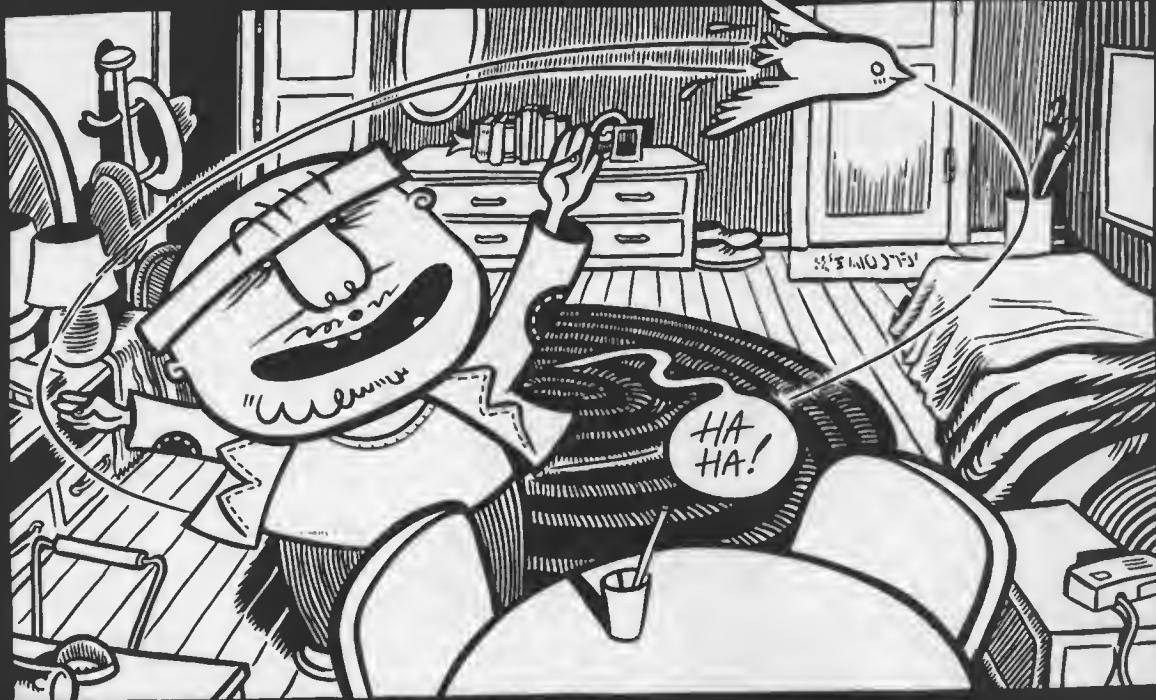


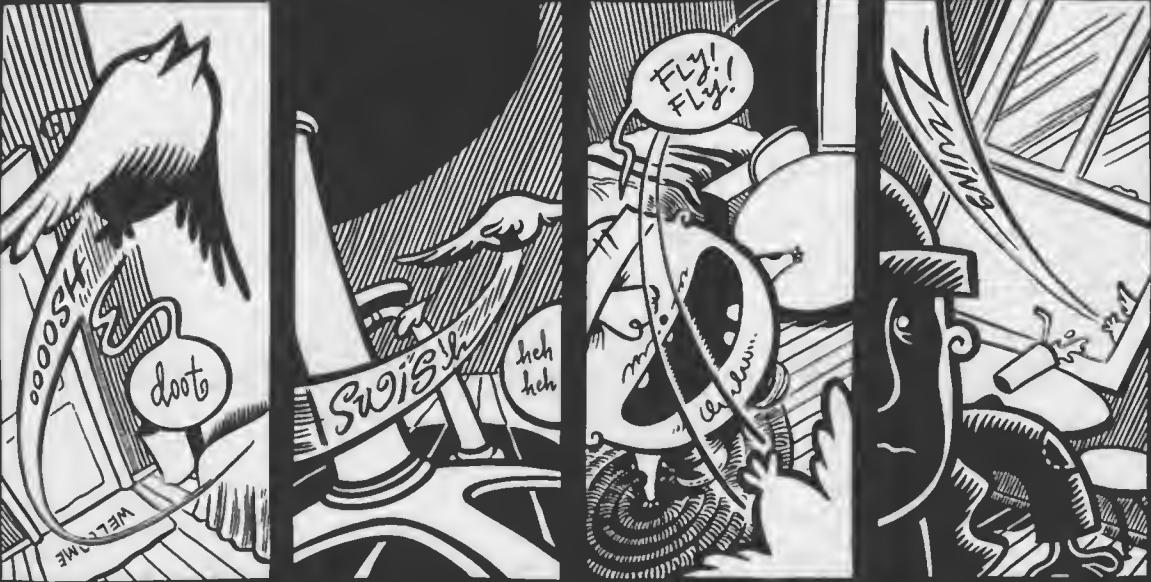


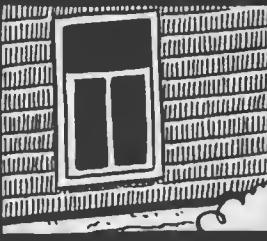
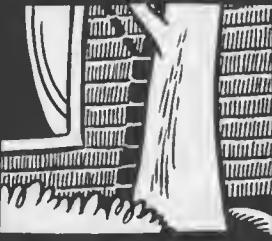
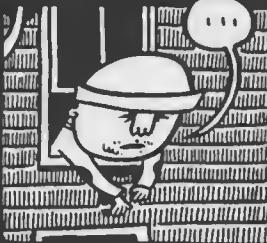
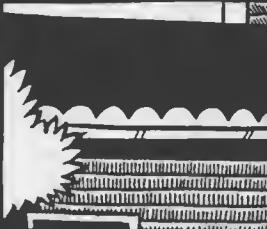


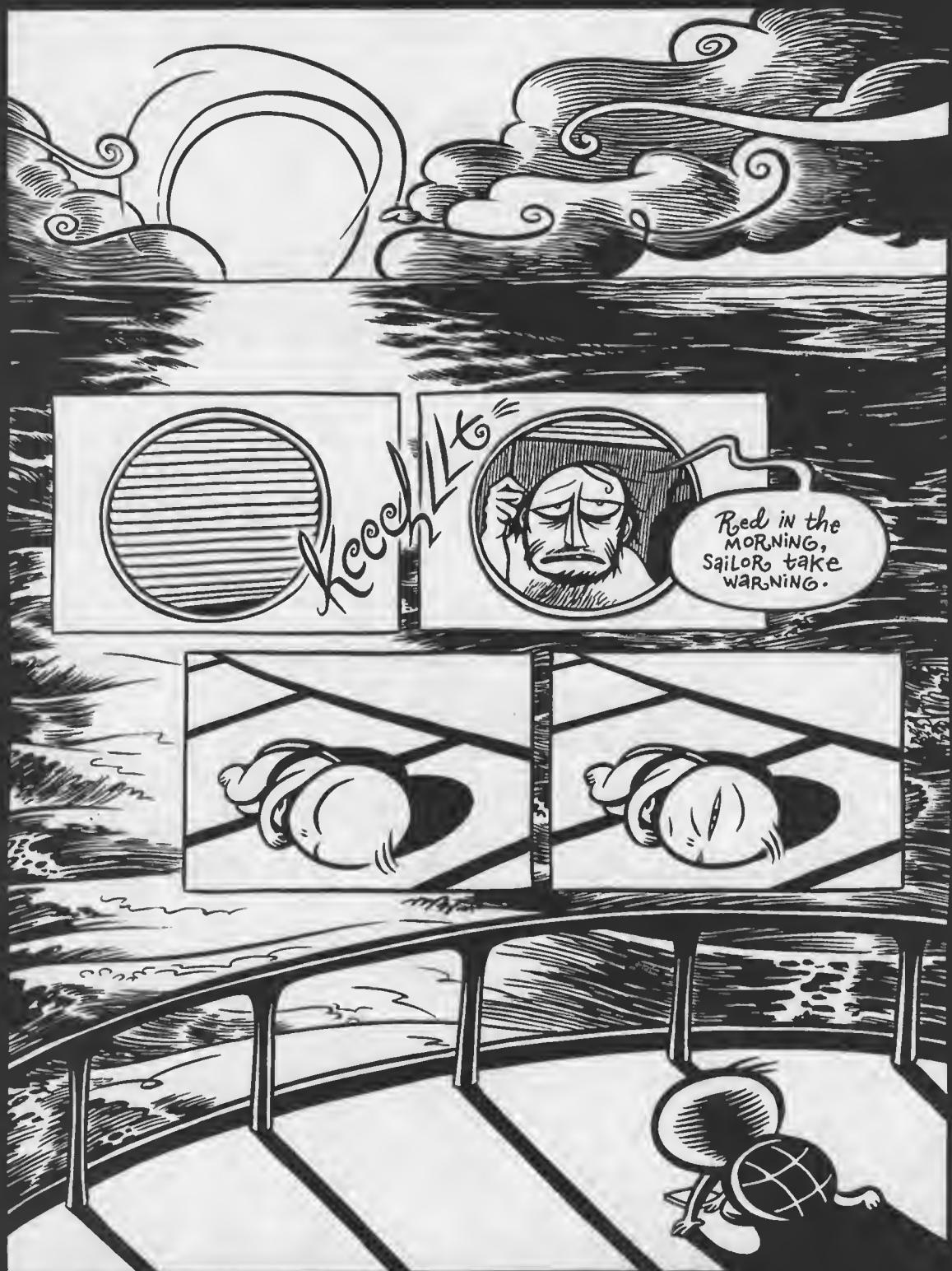




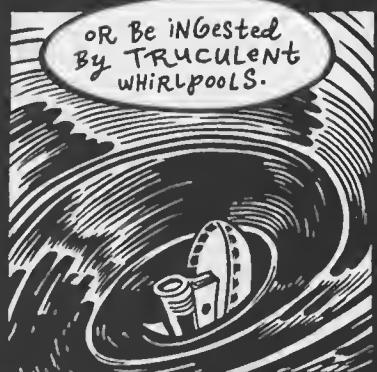
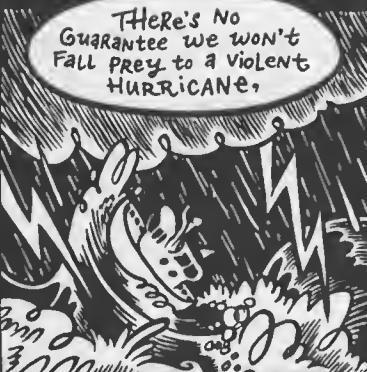


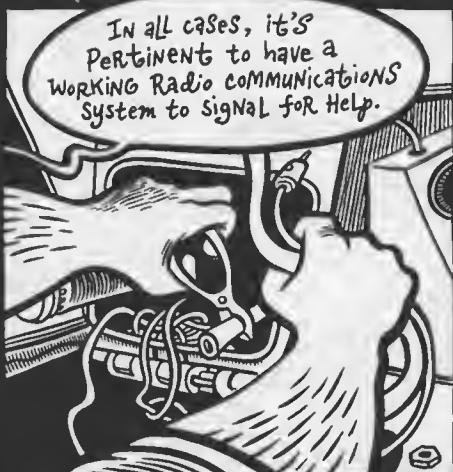


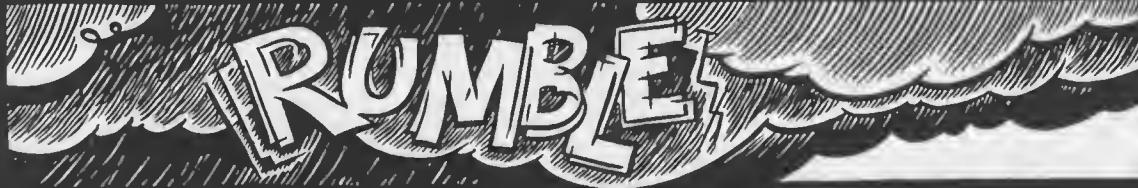


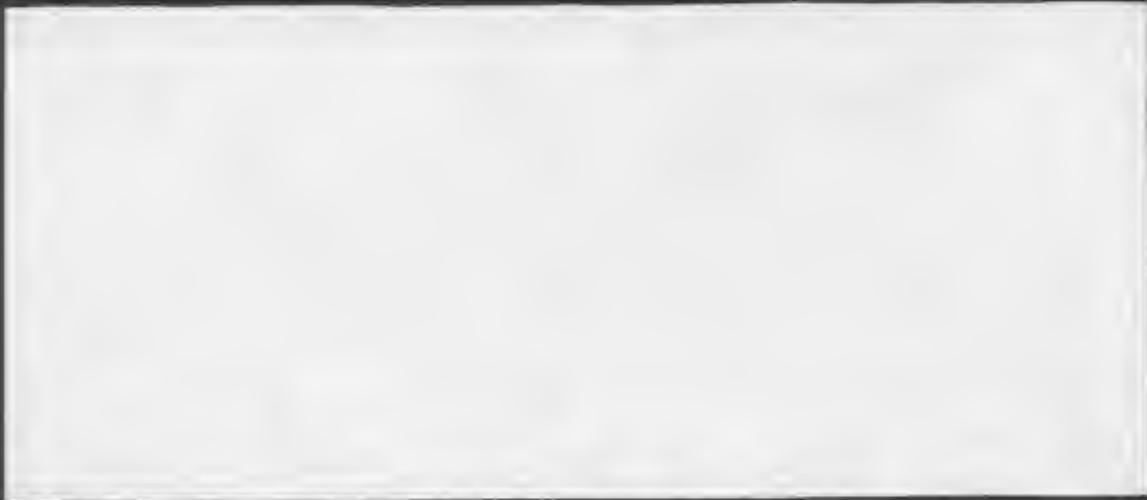




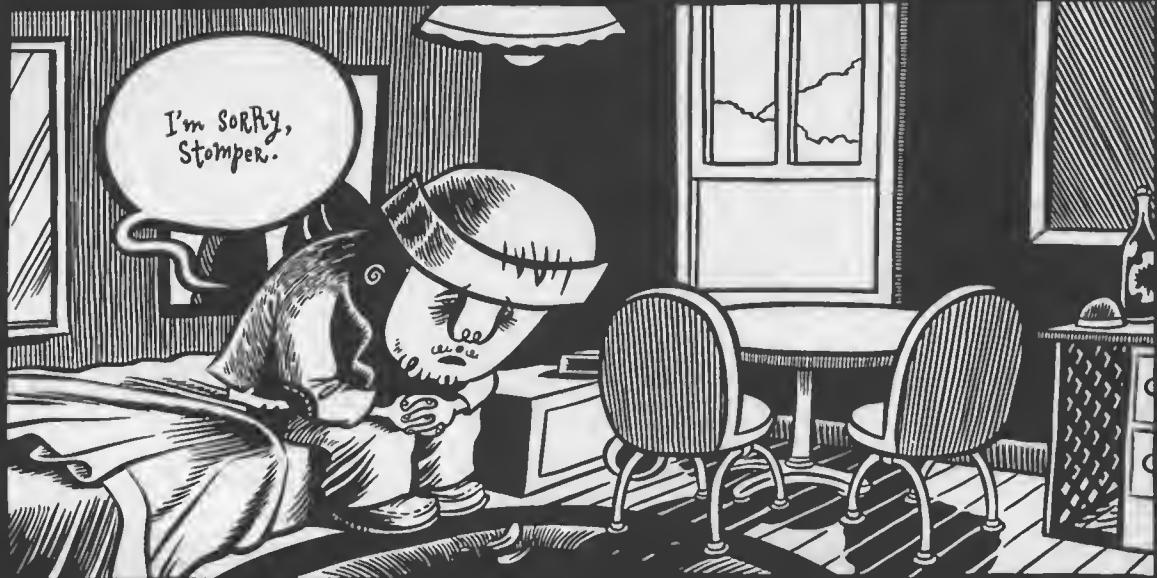
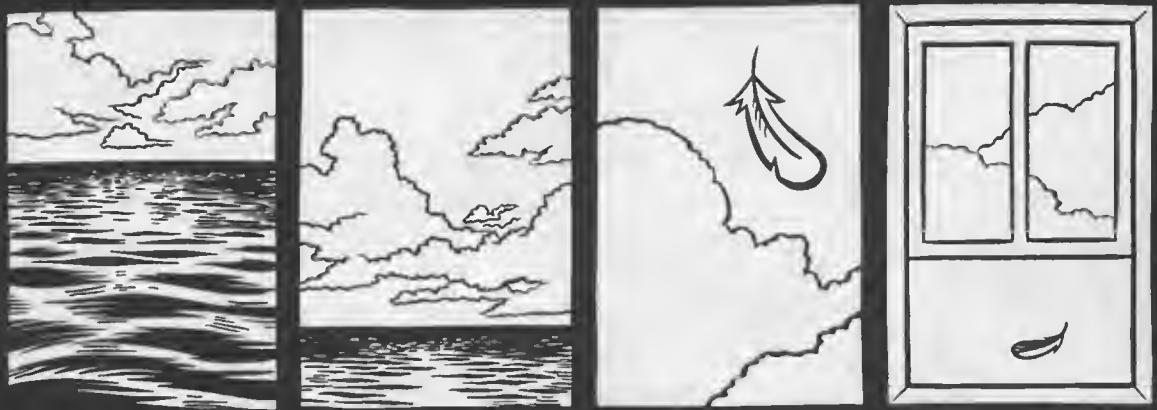


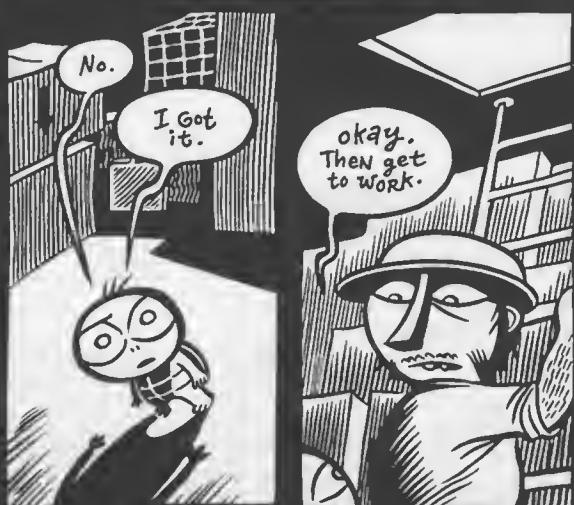


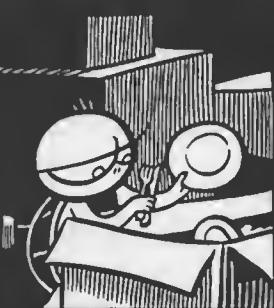
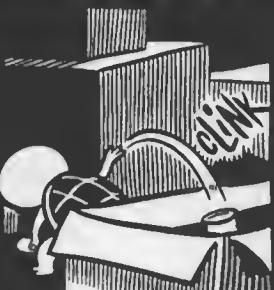
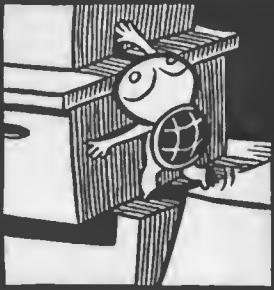
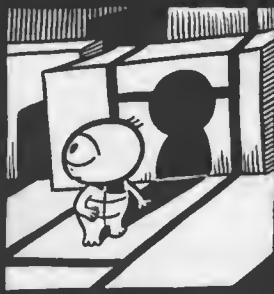


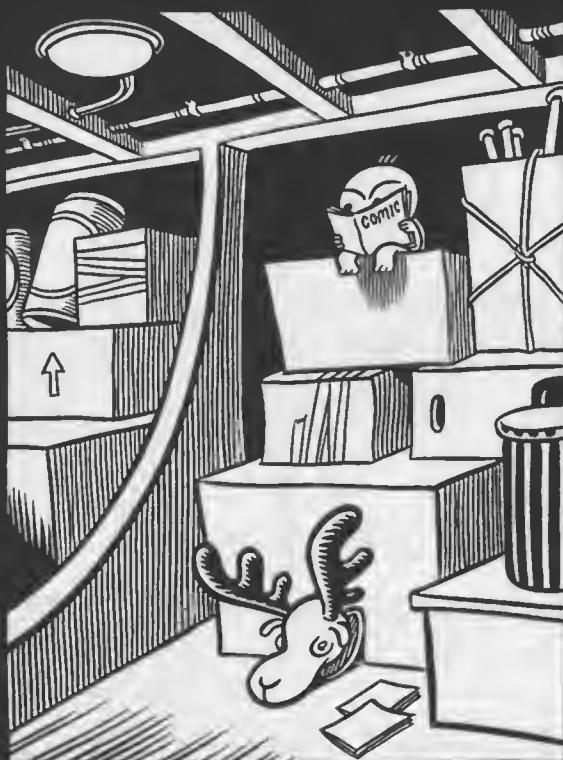


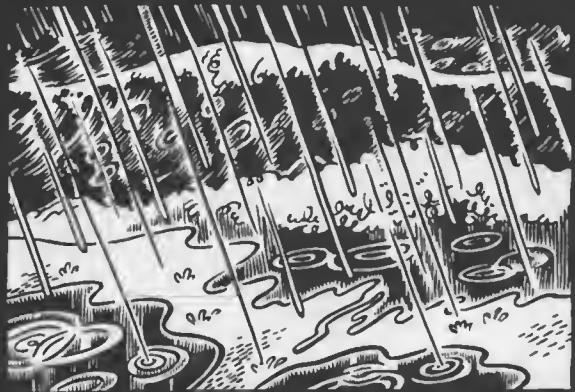
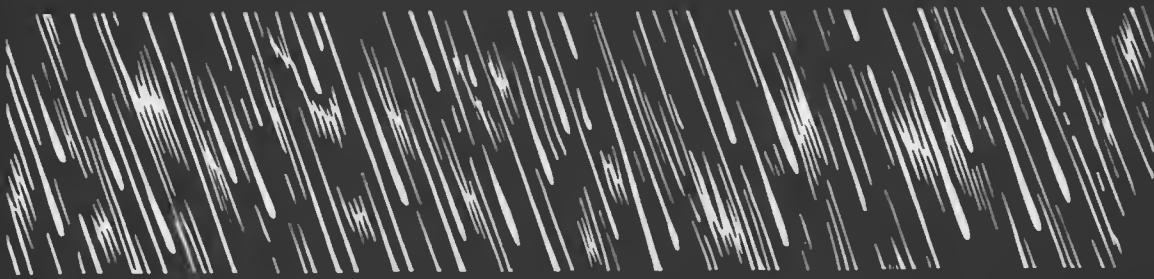




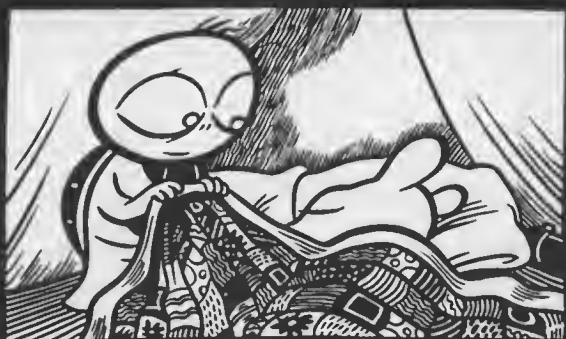
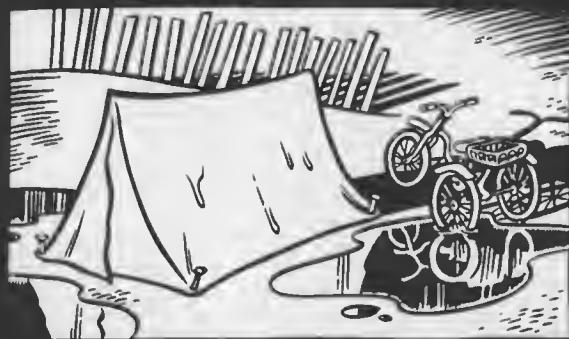


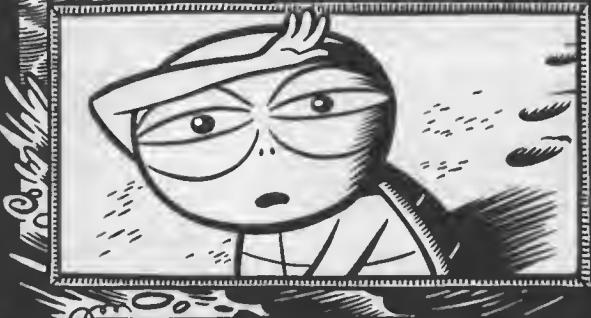
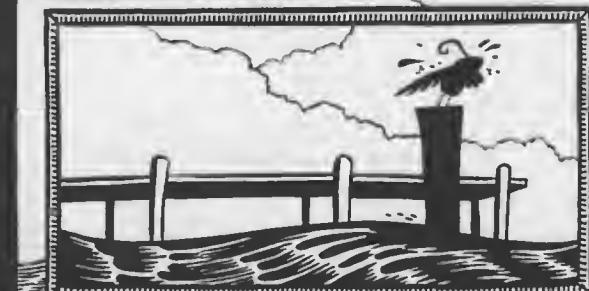
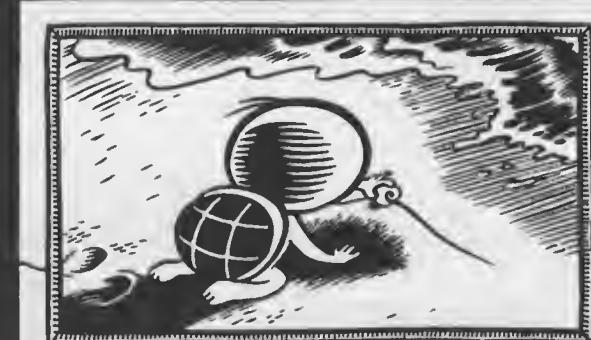




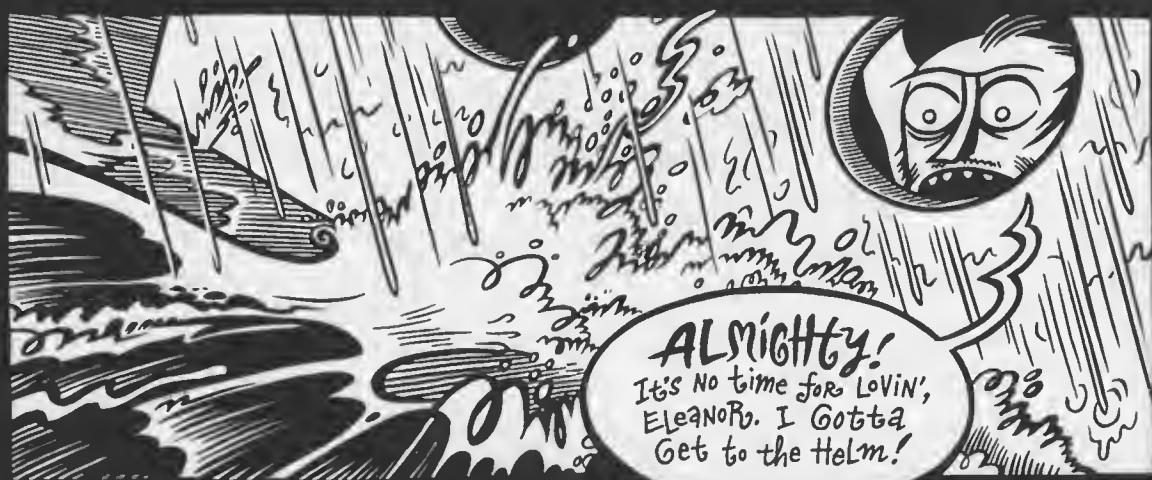


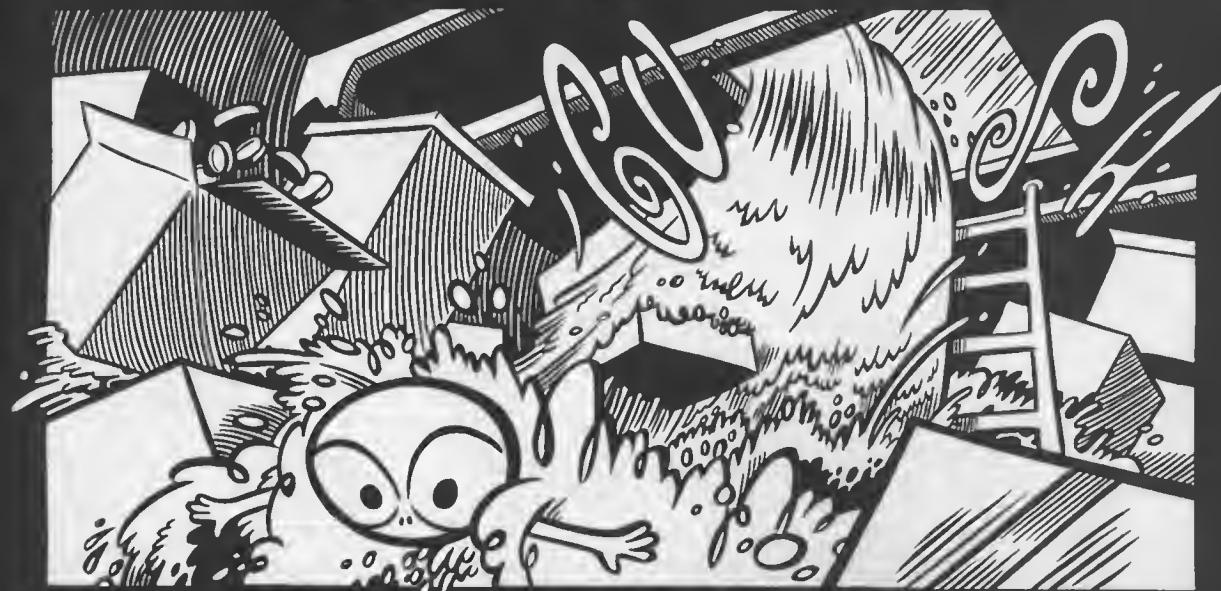


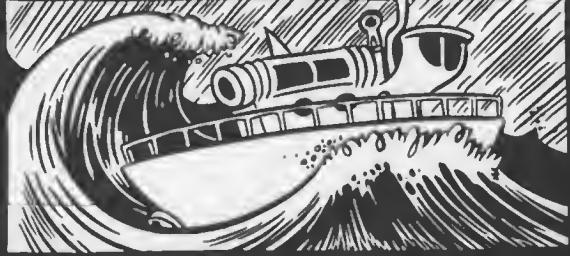
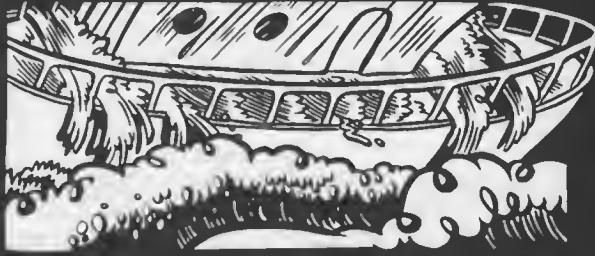














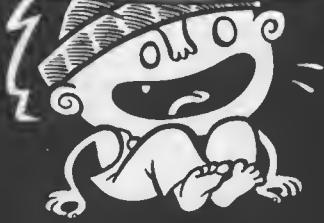




SomeBody
Find me!

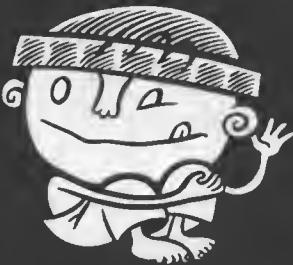


FIND ME REAL SOON
OTHERWISE I'LL HAVE TO WALK
HOME ALL BY MYSELF IN THE
DARK and PAW'LL Give Me
A NASTY WHOOPIN'!!



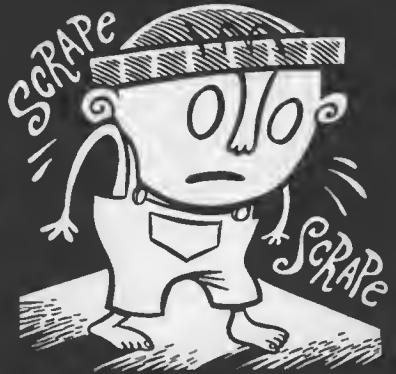
I'm under
the Box!

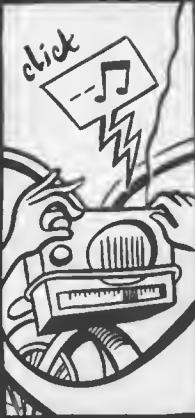
under
the Dock!!

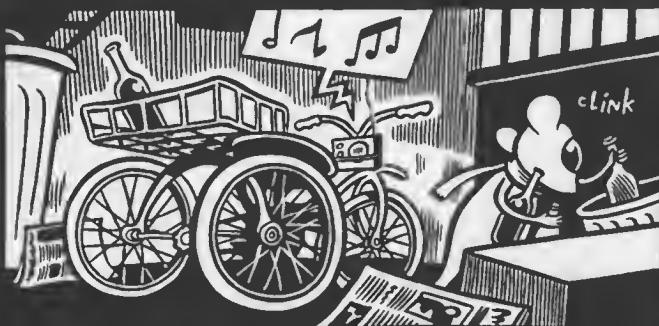
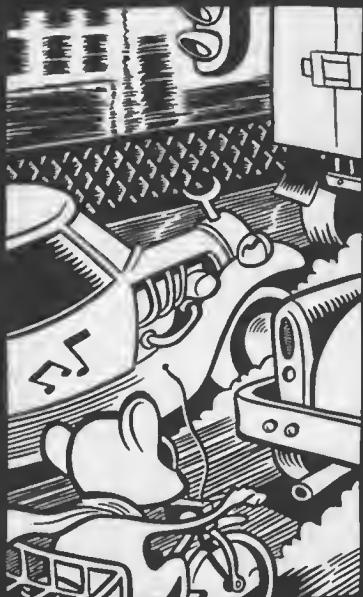


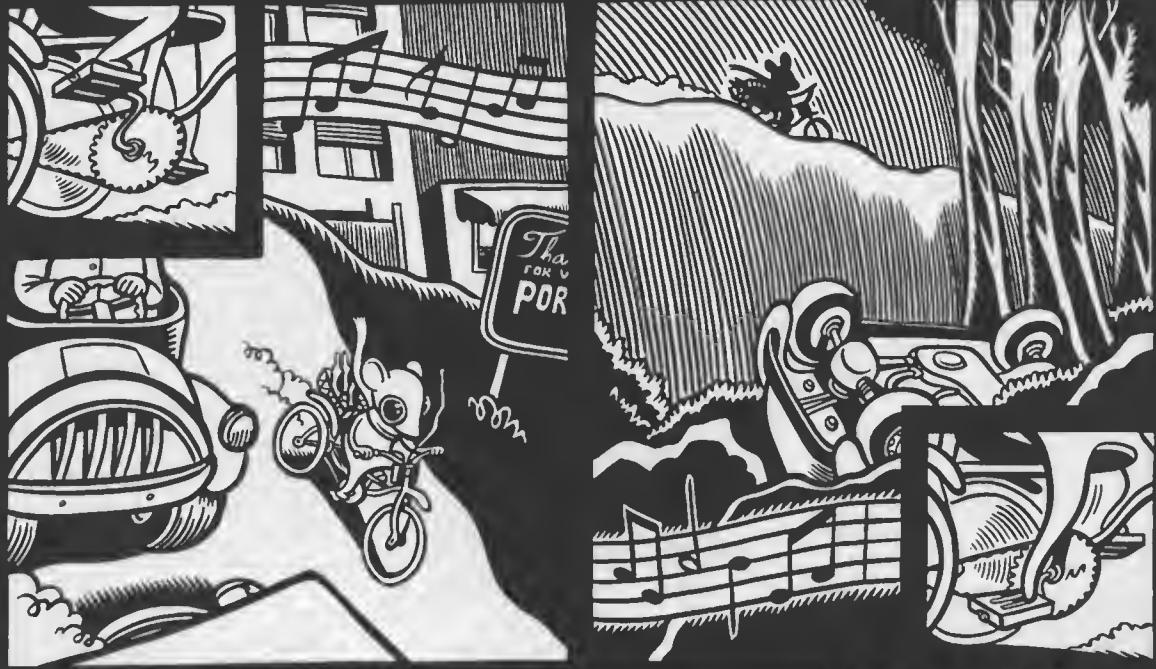
the BELT tonight, PAW;
Not the Splintery
2 by 4.

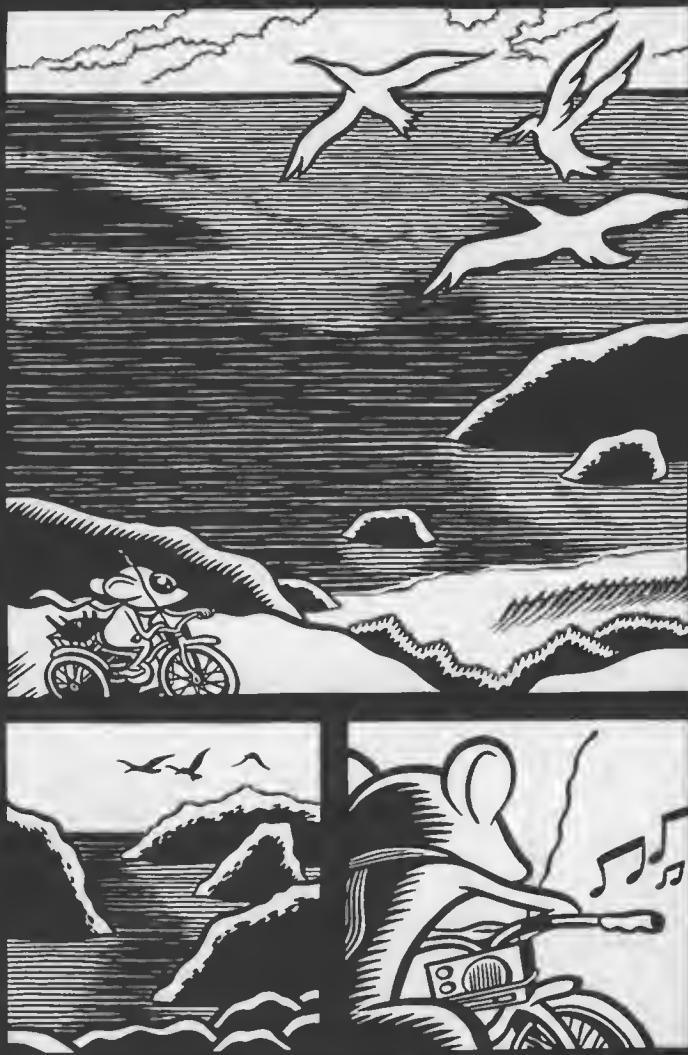
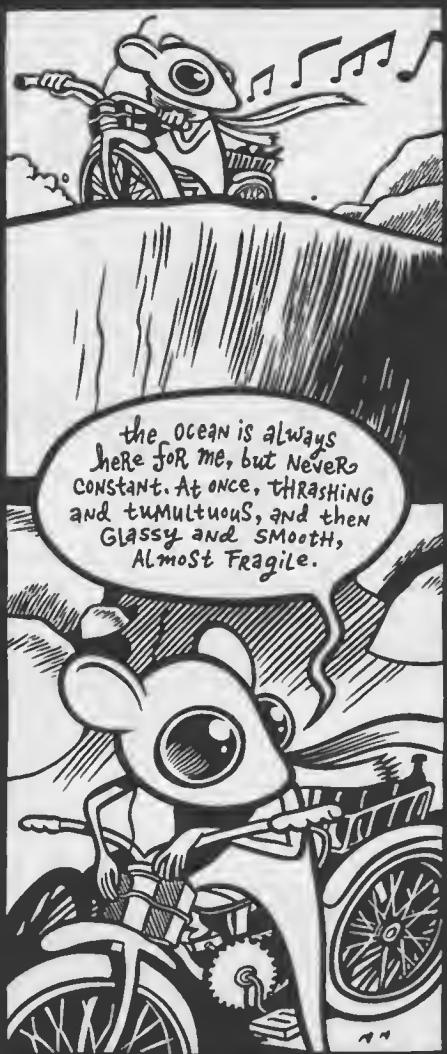


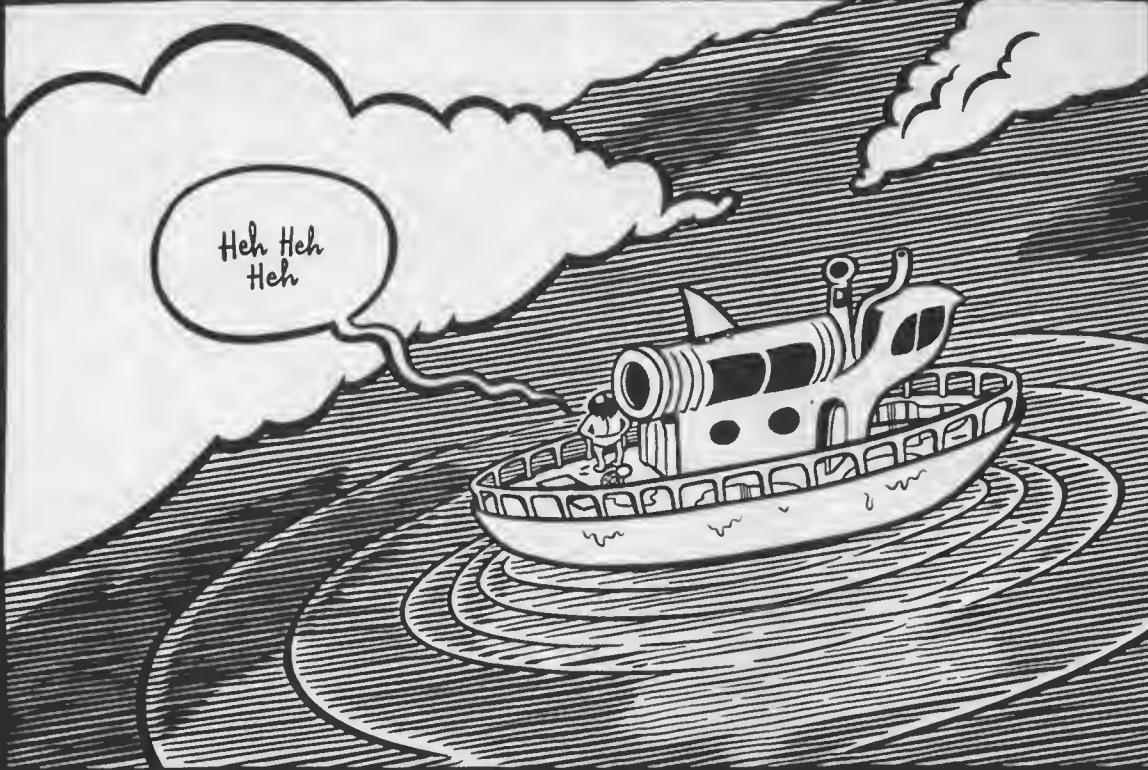






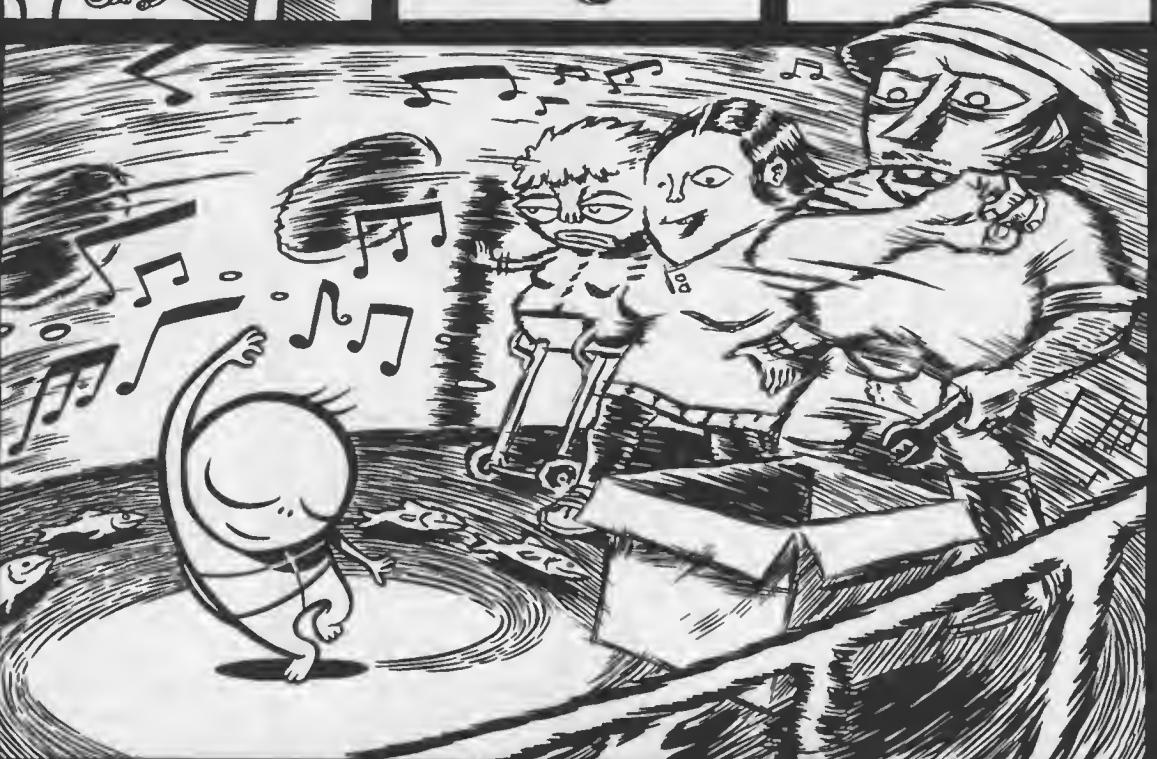


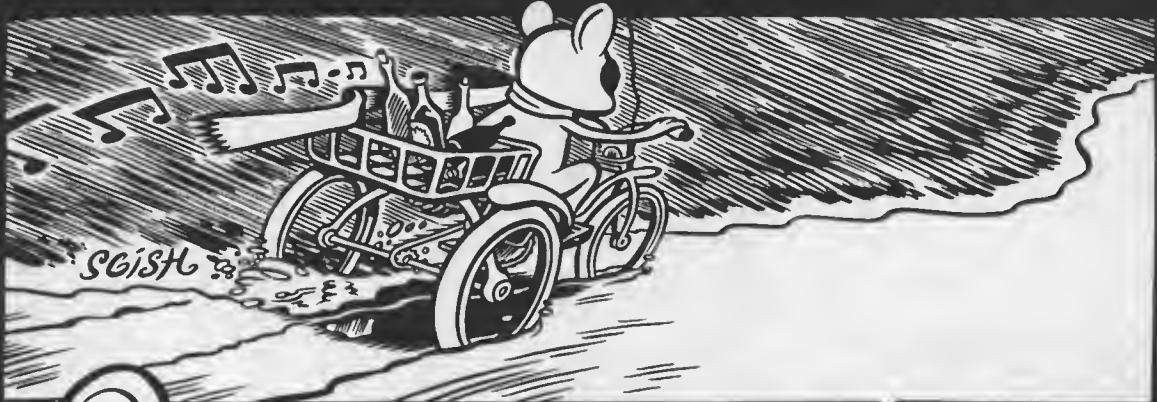


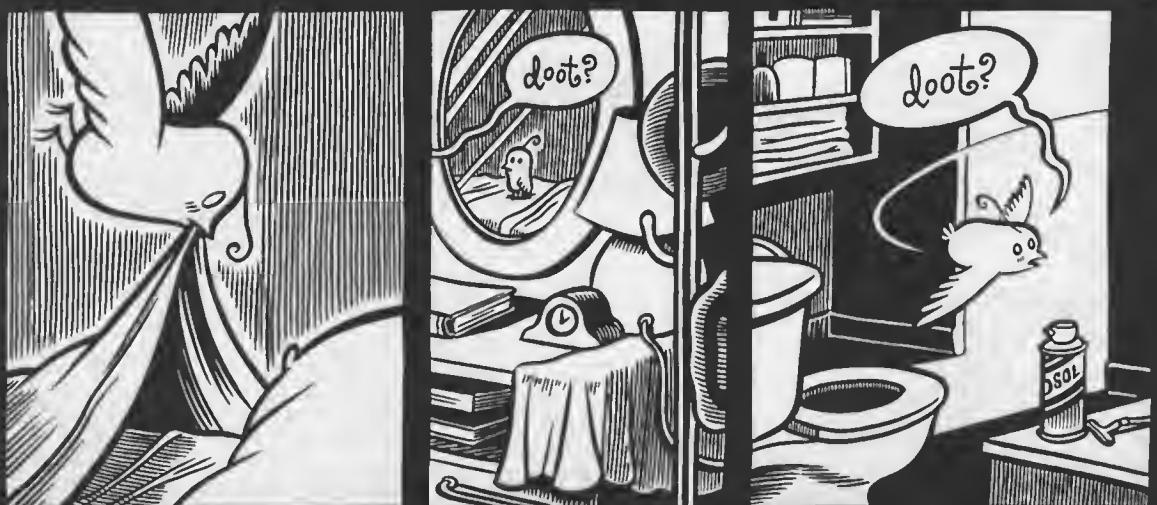
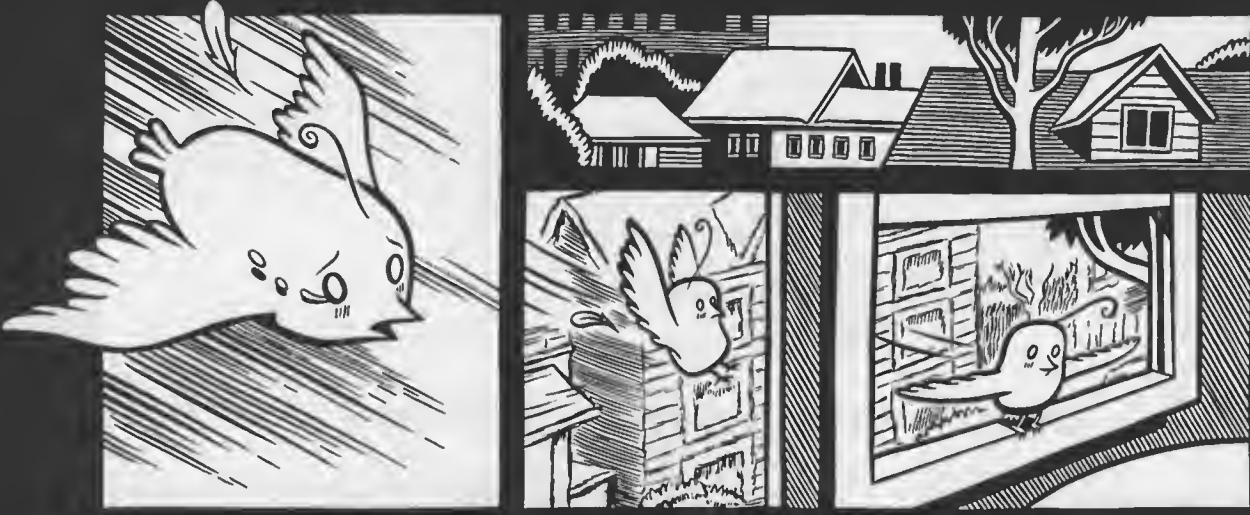


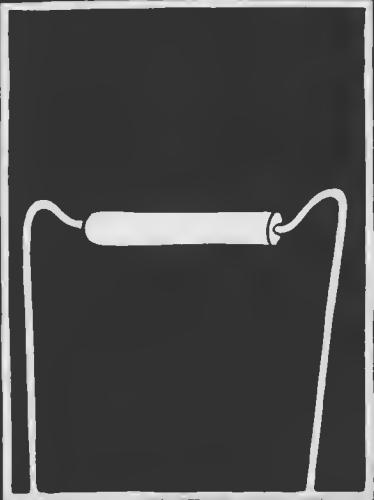










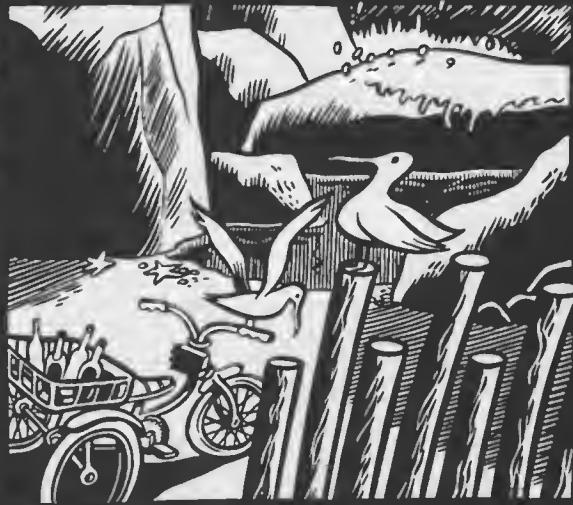


doot?

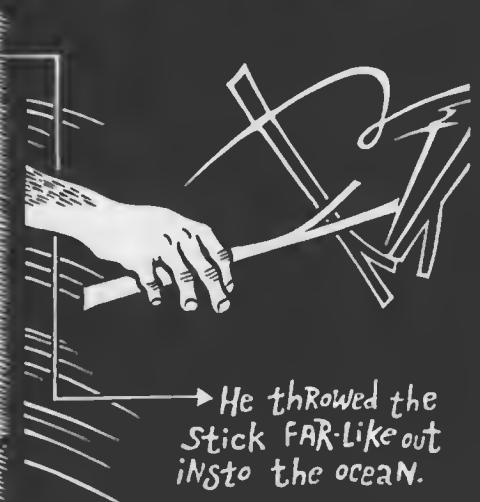
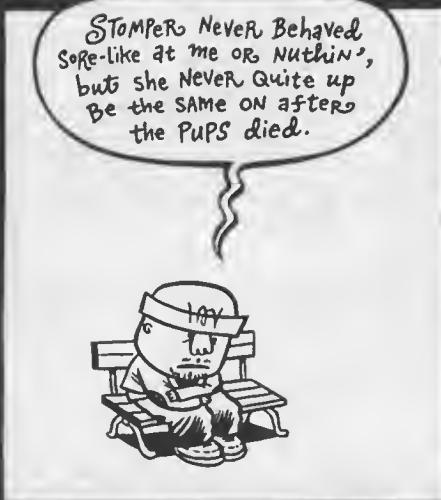


When PAW would Get Like that, I'd ESCAPE
to the shore, CHUNKy, and PERCH on the ROCKS...









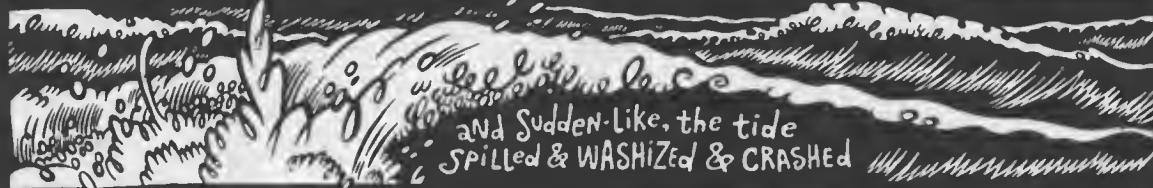
AND Stomper BE RUNNING After,
And RAN and RAN...



...and then SWAM,



AND Sudden-Like, the tide
SPILLED & WASHIZED & CRASHED



and BAM.



and
then.

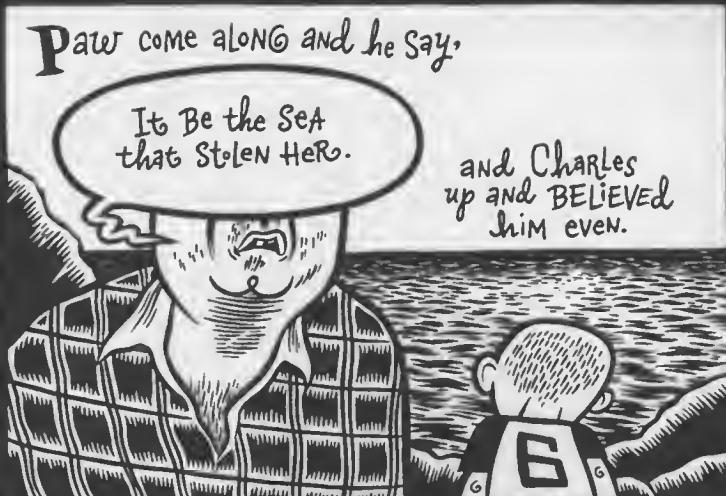
There be NO Stomper.



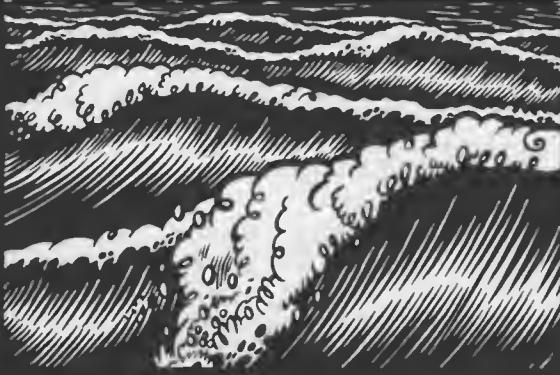
Paw come ALONG and he say,

It Be the Sea
that Stolen Her.

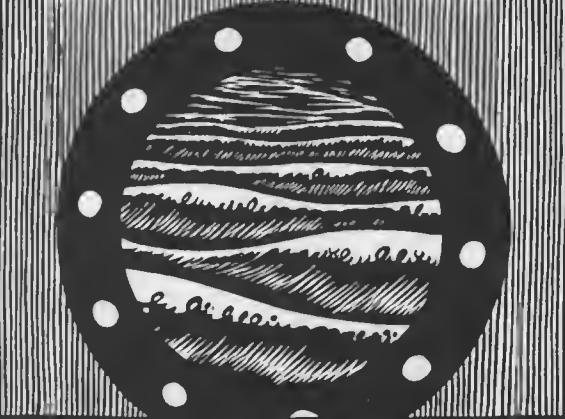
and CHARLES
up and BELIEVED
him even.

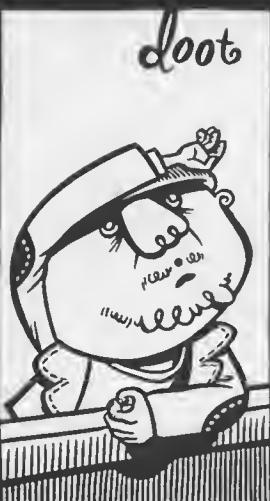


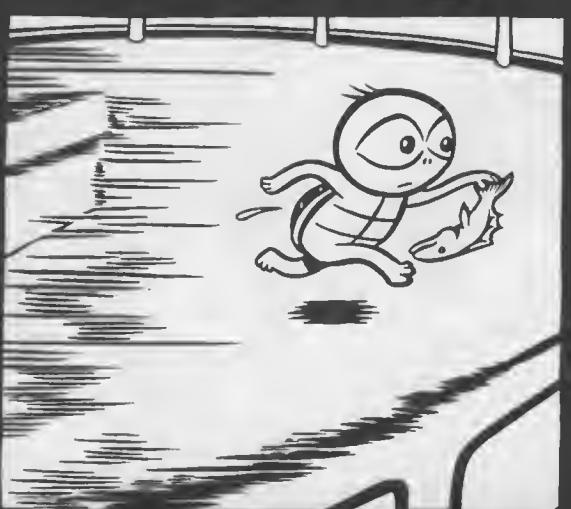
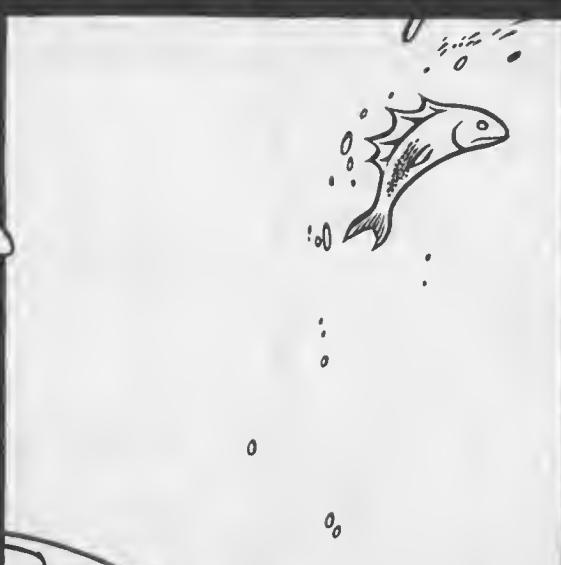
But I KNEW it weren't the waves
what SNUFFED Stomper,

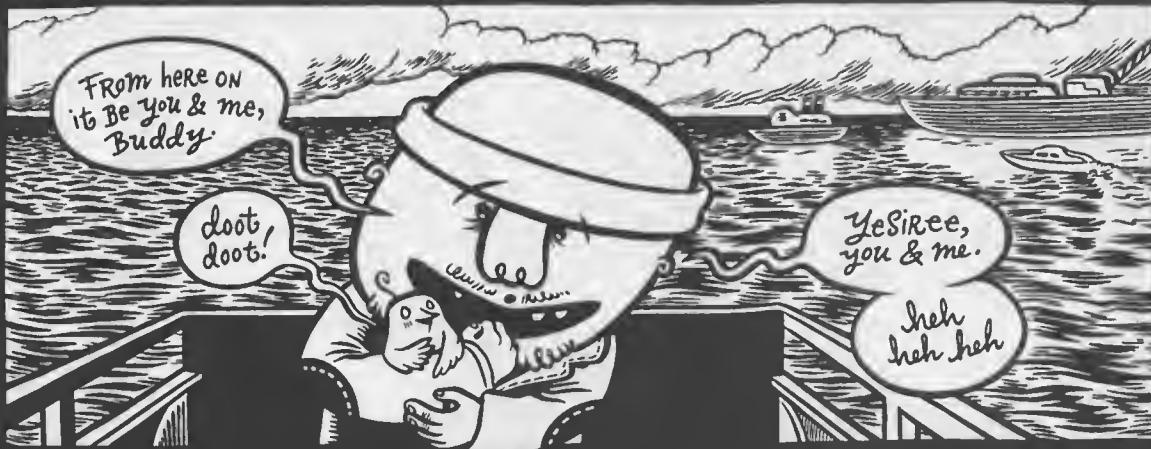


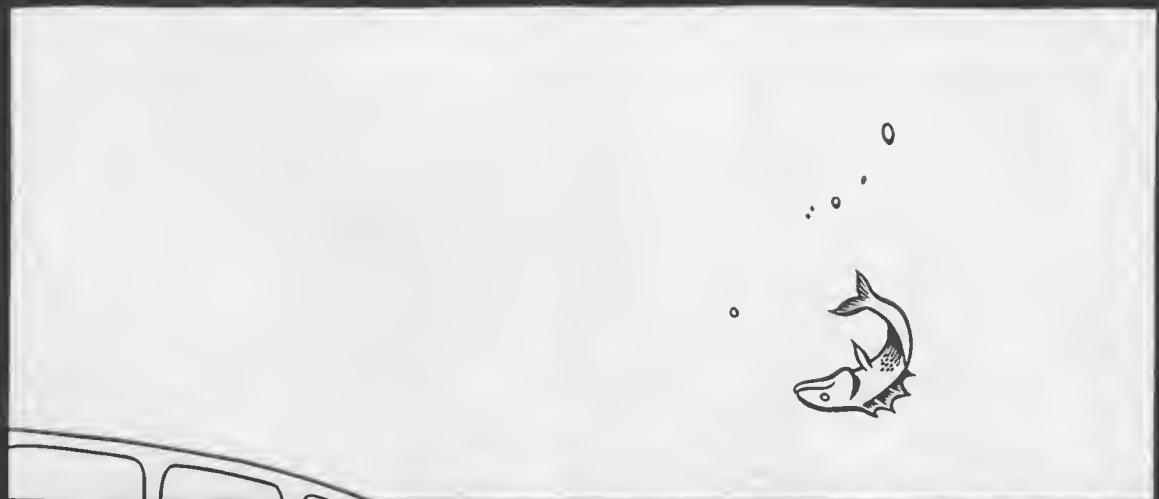
It Be HER Fractured HeART.









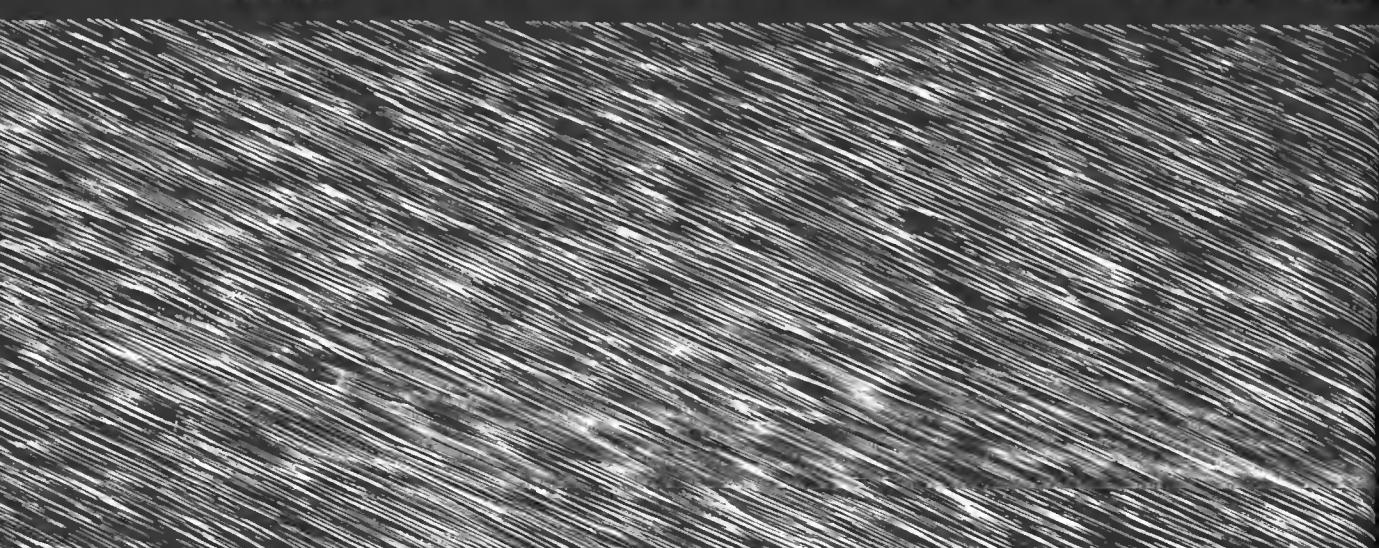
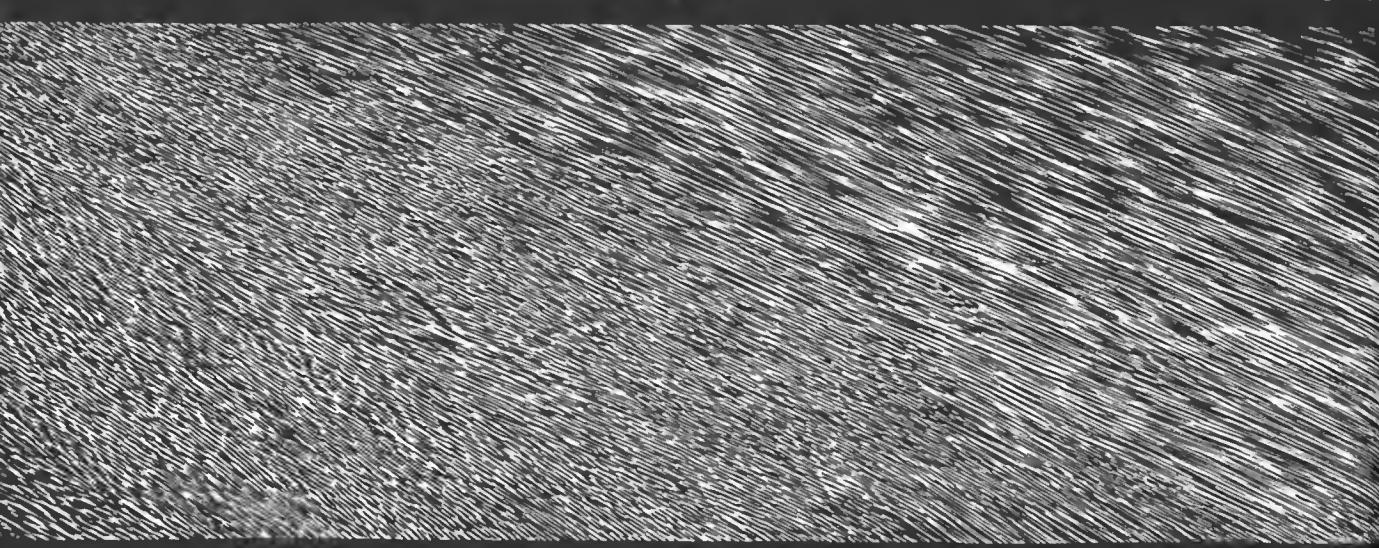


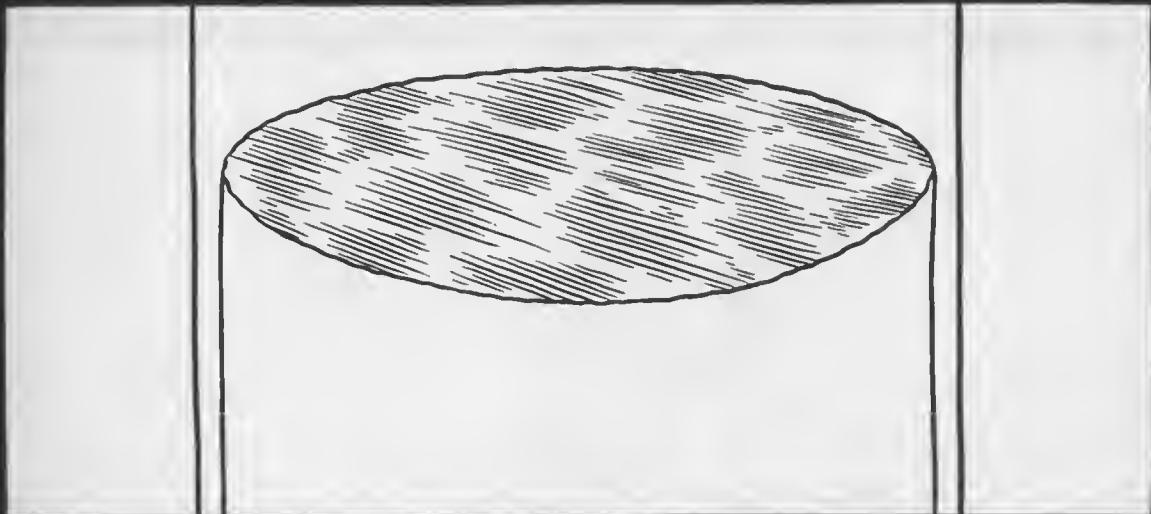
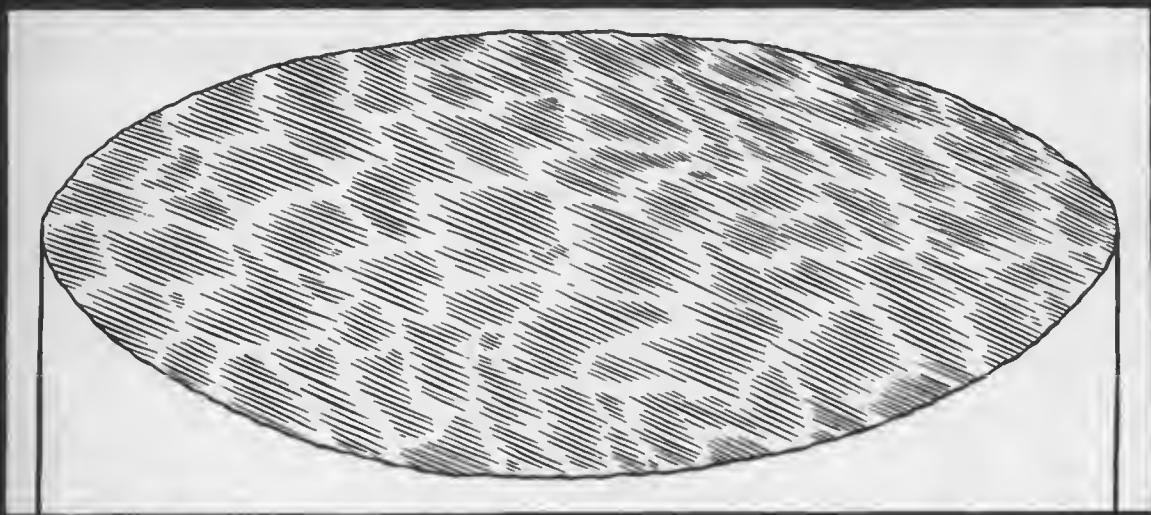
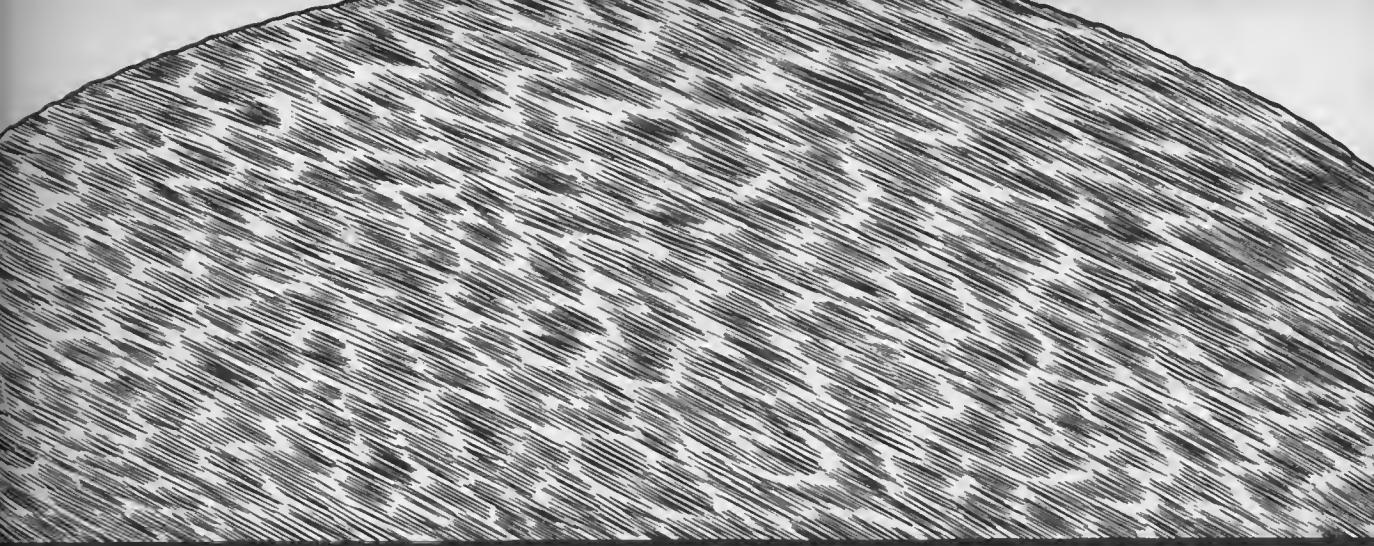




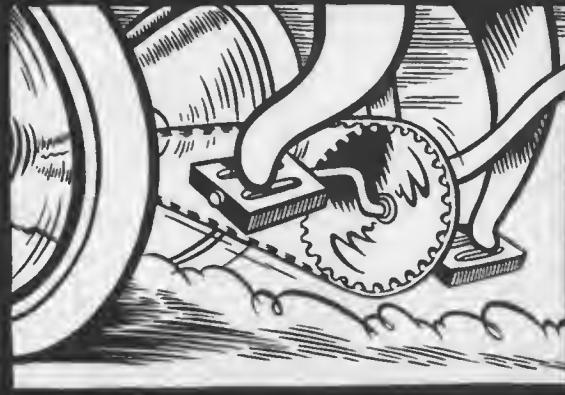
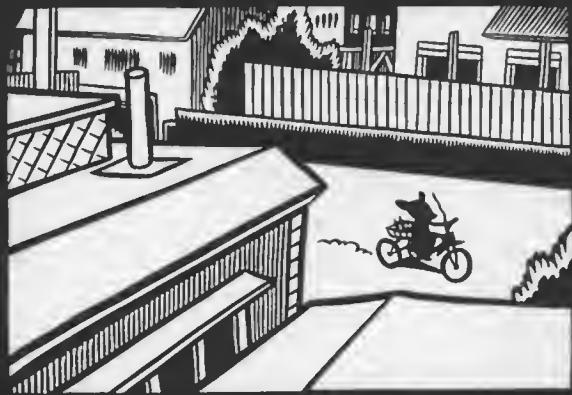
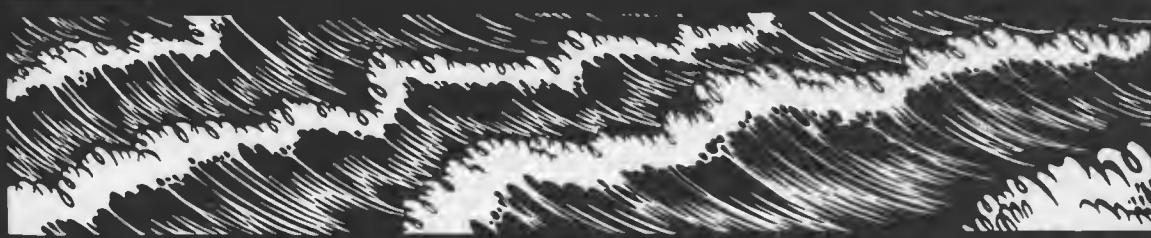
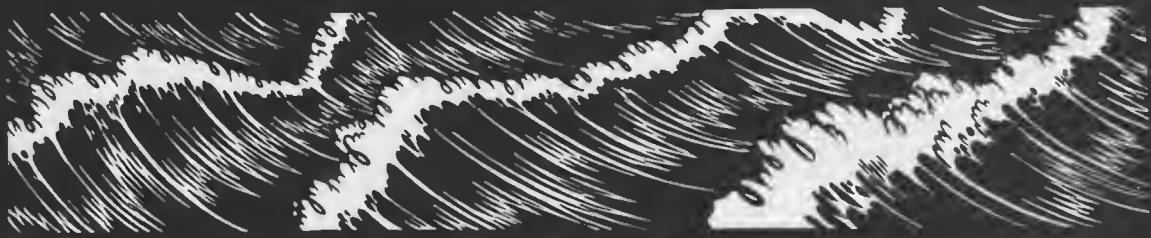
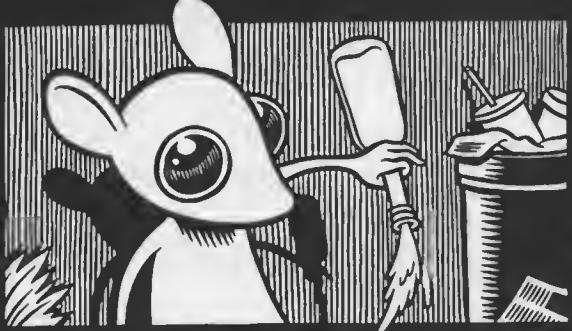
I Love the Sea
Because it is
BOUNDLESS.

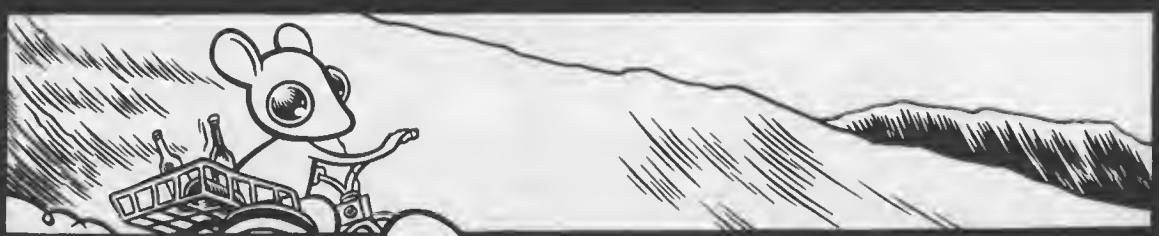
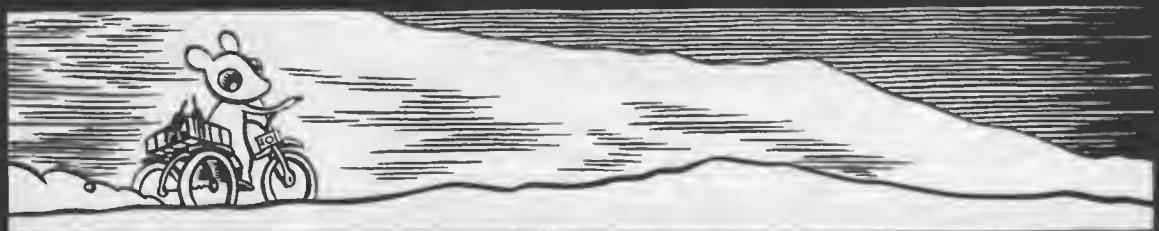
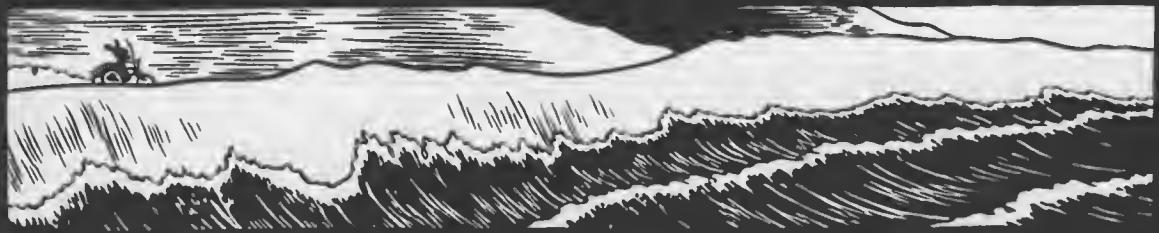
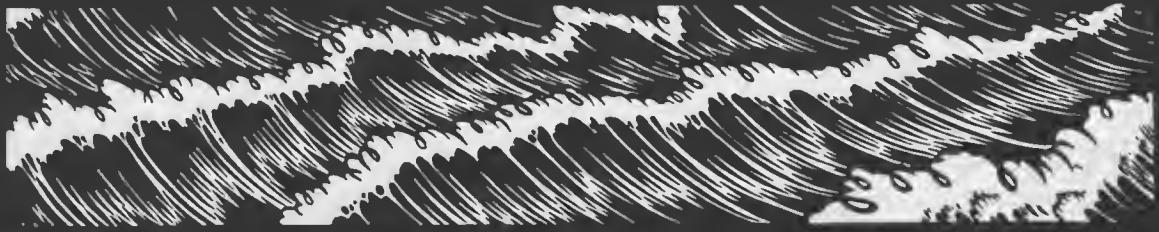




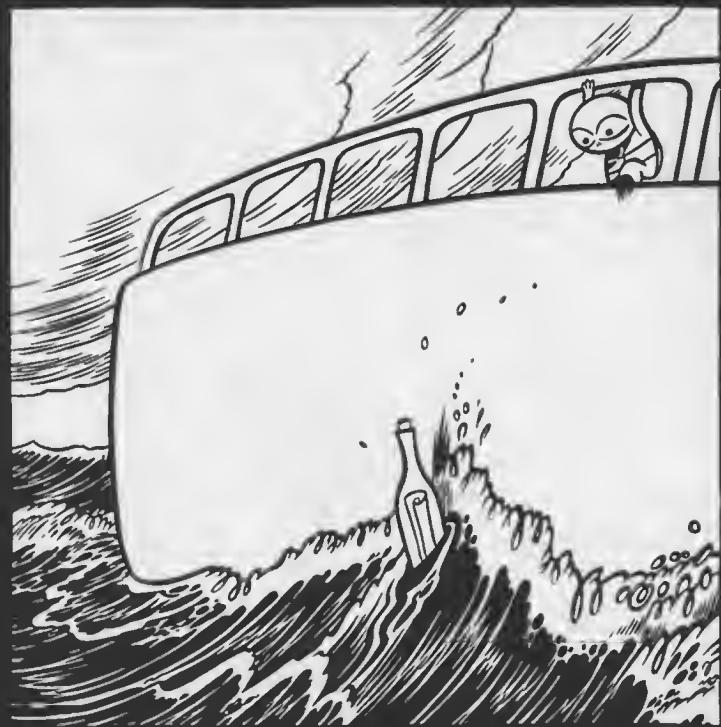








CLUNK

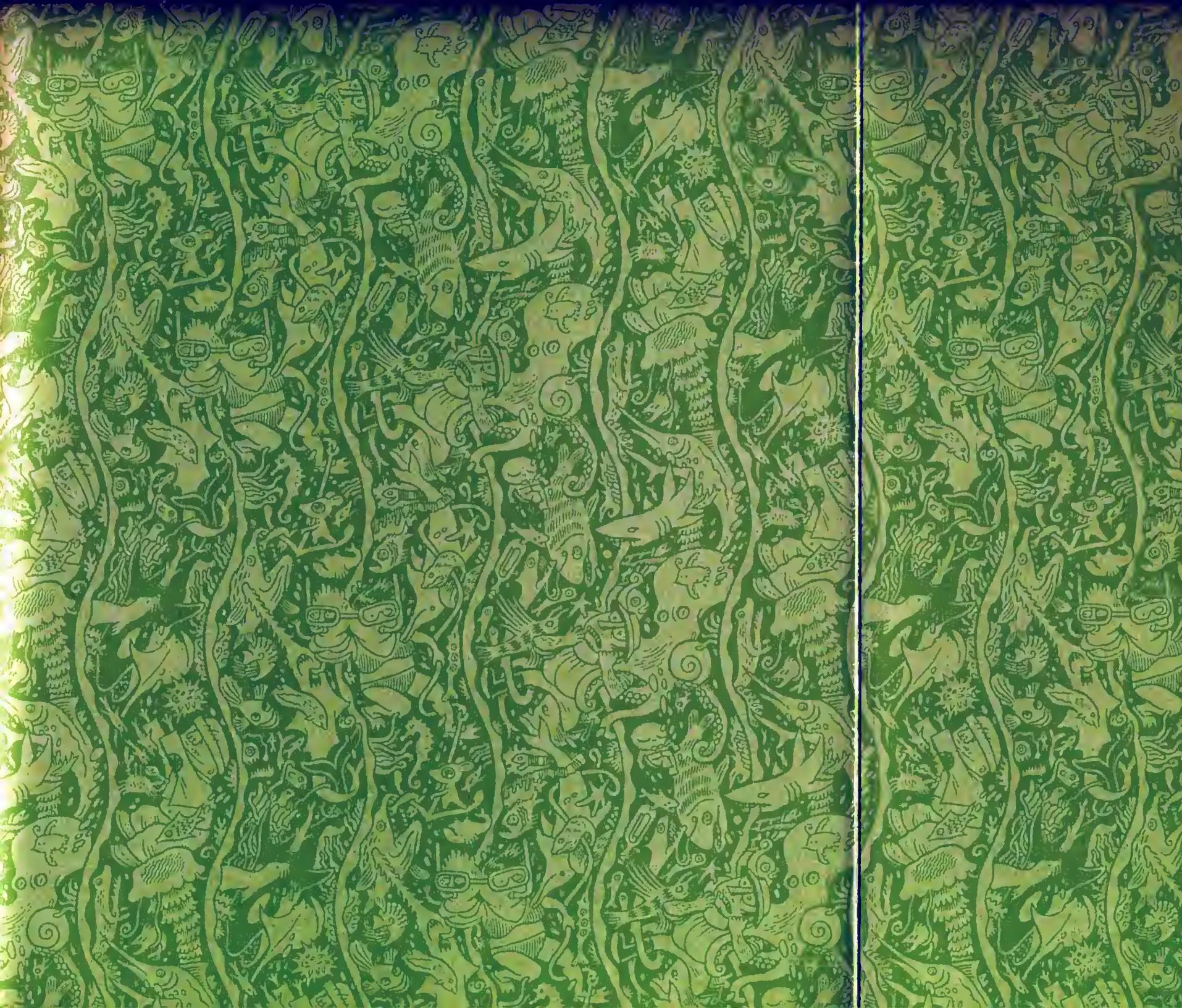


This book is for all the letters I owe to...
AARON, Alyssa, Allyson, CHARLIE, CHRISTINA,
Dallas, Darcy, David, Genady, GEORGE, GREGORY,
Harvey, James, Jeff, Jeremy, JESSICA, Jill, Kalysta,
Katie, Kevin, Kristen, KURT, MARSHA, Matt C.,
Matt K. (1976-1998), Melissa B., Melissa D.,
Mike, Monica, OMAR, Pegi, PHIL, SARAH, Scott,
Sean, Sharon, Stu, TIMMY, TIMOTHY, Todd,
VERONICA & Lake Michigan. (Milwaukee, WI)
EXTRA THANKS TO Pegi Taylor, KALAH ALLEN,
Miriam elMAN, Brett Warnock, CHRIS STAROS,
Eddie Campbell, Dylan HORROCKS, Jeff Smith,
and Alan MOORE FOR BOUNDLESS
support during this book's
COMPLETION.





Craig Thompson
was born in Michigan
in 1975 and grew up
in an isolated farming
community in central
Wisconsin. This, his first
full-length graphic novel,
was drawn while
living in Portland, OR.



"Memorable, poignant, sweet, and funny, this book is a completely unexpected joy, and a hit with readers of all ages."

SCHOOL
LIBRARY
JOURNAL



"Thompson has crafted an enduring fable in words and pictures--an alternative-comics answer to Saint Exupéry's THE LITTLE PRINCE--that will charm anyone separated from a dear and loving friend." - PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY

"THIS ONE-SHOT GRAPHIC NOVEL IS THE COMIC DEBUT OF THE YEAR; EVERY ONE OF ITS 120 PAGES IS BEAUTIFULLY COMPOSED, SPARKLING WITH INVENTION AND LIFE."

- SPIN

"BOTH FUNNY AND GENUINELY TOUCHING IN TURN, CRAIG THOMPSON'S GOOD-BYE, CHUNKY RICE IS AN AFFECTING MEDITATION UPON FRIENDSHIP, LONELINESS AND LOSS, ALL DELIVERED WITH A REAL FEEL FOR THE MUSICALITY OF THE COMIC STRIP FORM. THIS WORK SINGS AND DANCES, AND YOU COULD DO A LOT WORSE THAN TO SING AND DANCE ALONG WITH IT."

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED."

- ALAN MOORE, CREATOR OF
FROM HELL, WATCHMEN,
V FOR VENDETTA



ISBN 1-891830-09-0 \$14.95



9 781891 830099

Scanner's Notes:

*****TURN OFF YELLOW REDUCTION IN CDISPLAY*****

Had some problems with ghosting on this one, which could be due to the paper the graphic novel was printed on. The first third of the book was workable, but the binding started to give towards the middle, so I had to do what I could in Photoshop without making it too light.

Also note that the original was far from true black, and I tried to stay true to that in the scan, as the lighter black softens the image just a bit, which keeps with the tone of the story better than ultra-high contrast B/W. Run-on run-on run-on...

-Blackbeard